

# MERRY ENGLAND

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[MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

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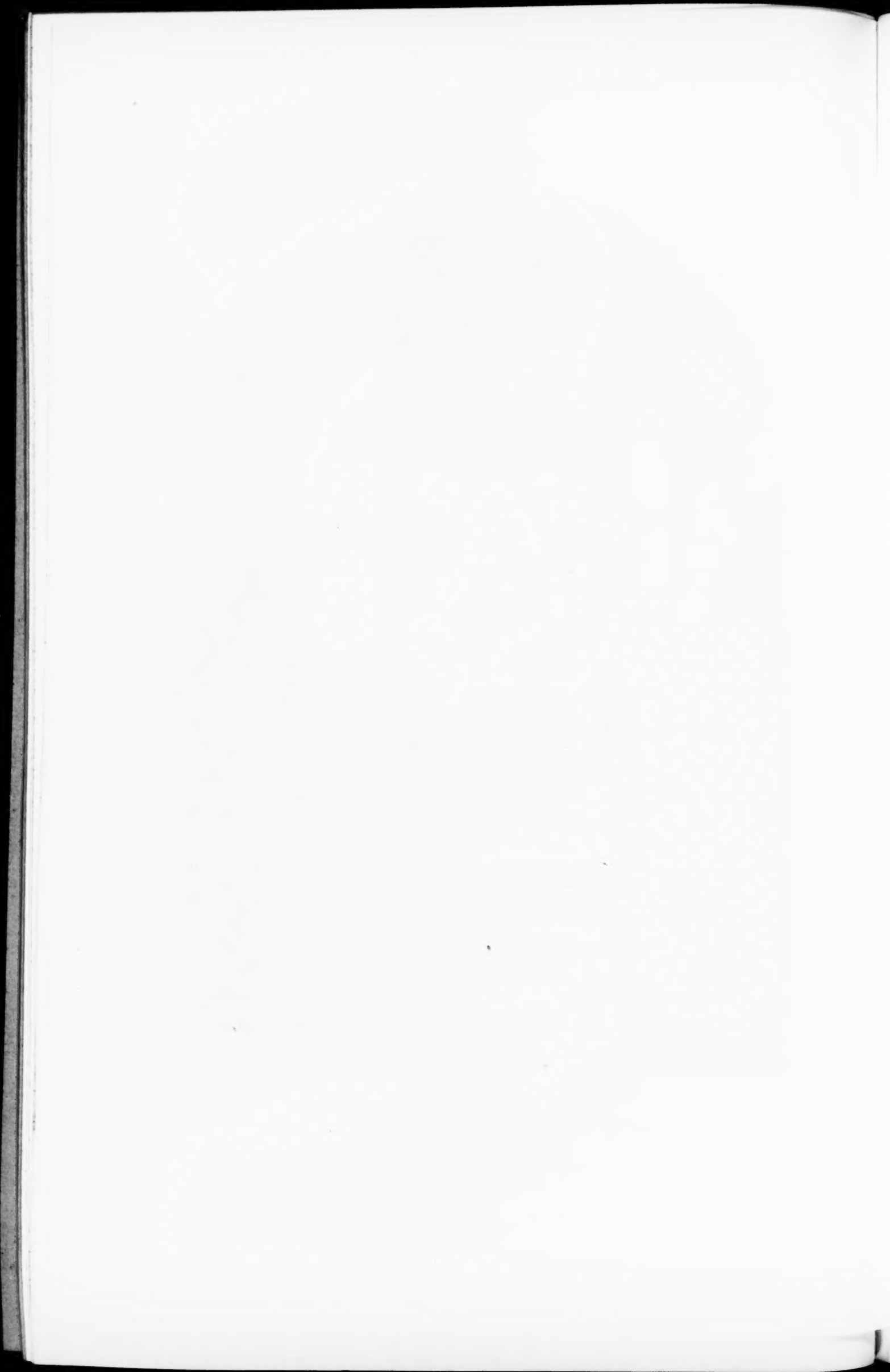


THE ANSIDEI MADONNA, BY RAPHAEL.

*(Bought from the Blenheim Collection, for £70,000.)*









# MERRY ENGLAND

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FEBRUARY, 1885.

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## A Year's Art.

PAINTING has become a notable occupation in England. It is this if it is nothing else. The volume \* in which Mr. Marcus Huish and Mr. Thomson make a record of the exhibition and the sale and the producers of pictures in the United Kingdom is fast assuming something of the bulk and importance of a Clergy List or an Army List. The number of persons who wrote themselves down artists in 1841 was three thousand; in 1871 it was seventeen thousand; but it is since 1871 that the enormous increase has taken place. In 1884 three thousand five hundred persons exhibited at the leading galleries of the year. And these must be considered in a sense the fortunate minority representing the great majority who for all the possible reasons were unrepresented that year. Add to these a host of illustrators, and the many hundreds (they might, indeed, be counted by thousands) of students in the several schools, and we have a little population occupied in the making of works of linear and plastic art.

The amount of production is increasing yearly. Another

\* "The Year's Art." (Sampson Low & Co.)

little population divides amongst its members the buying and selling, exhibiting, engraving, and publishing of what is produced. No wonder, considering the matter commercially, that the fear of over-production arises. There are very definite limits to the demand for contemporary pictures—limits which, however, though it may be paradoxical to say so, could doubtless be extended by limiting and concentrating the supply. Our system of exhibitions encourages a huge industry, but does not insist upon excellence. Nay, it makes general excellence improbable, if not impossible. And this we say in no narrow spirit of dislike for modern work. It would be strange indeed if the great modern genius were to be pronounced incapable of producing living and organic art. Our quarrel with English painters would rather be that they are not modern enough—that they linger a little behind, just long enough to lose the great, true, and delightful inspiration of “the movement.” They lose the benefit of that pull all together which makes a long pull and a strong pull effectual.

We dare to defend novelty as one of the very delights of life. Now, English painters do a thing indeed, but they generally do it when novelty—which means so much more than the poor pleasure of change and surprise, because it means that very pull all together with the most vivid men of the time—has ceased to vibrate in it. We do not mean that mere fashions in art are good to follow. A fashion is not a movement; and there have been fashions of late in France from which it is well that we should be severed by our habits of delay. Certain branches of the Impressionist school and certain ways of doing clever and painter-like work with a denial of Nature’s colour and sweetness (but this manner, curiously enough, has been practised conspicuously by an Englishman, Mr. Stott) are surely fashions, and if they have a use it is a short one.



Nevertheless, though surprised, by the revelation of the large production of art in England, into expressing a wish that the pictures painted were fewer and better, we need not ignore the cheerful optimism of Mr. Millais, for instance, who seems to hold the conviction that the excellence of what is done in our day is not acknowledged fully by reason only of that grudging spirit which refuses praise to contemporary achievement by way of making a show of supreme appreciation of the past. And, in fact, in no way can a cheaper reputation for taste be acquired than by the persistent adoption of this attitude. A man can generally produce a silence in a company inclined to enjoy modern art by proclaiming the gigantic greatness of the "old men" and the pigmy-like stature of the moderns; even those who might question his judgment hesitate to do so under the fear of suspicion of uneducated taste. The critic would often find it difficult to give scientifically the reason of his preference; nevertheless, his declaration gains him a certain credit, and there are men, apparently, who care for credit of the kind.

But Mr. Millais thinks scorn of such ready-made judgments. He has given to Mr. Hamo Thornycroft the memorable praise of saying that if his statue "Teucer" had been dug up in fragments, the nations would be contending for possession of them; as it is perfect and entire, not very much is said or thought of it. And by such a judgment he who is distinctly one of the masters in our present school has evidently intended to rank the "Teucer" with the "Theseus," the "Ilyssus," the "Venus of Milo," and the "Hermes," these being the greatest works which have had the fate to be handed down in a state of fracture. To painters, Mr. Millais has been equally generous. And now, if we accept this frank opinion of one who has a rare right to speak—if England has produced one young sculptor equal to the Greek immortals, and more than one painter who may rival the masters of the Italian Renaissance—it is obvious that the artistic population of England is well

employed, not so much in producing its many statues and pictures as in producing these few producers. To their making there must needs go the proving of many spirits, the trying of much mediocrity. But all was well spent if indeed it was spent thus.

This pleasant conclusion will therefore not be disturbed for those who hold it by the remembrance of the excessive dullness of the exhibitions of contemporary work during the past year. And the dullest of such collections, in proportion to its importance, was undoubtedly the Royal Academy. There were many paintings that had deliberate and separable merits; but only two or three stood out as vivid, living works, organized, as it were, in their composition of colour, forms, and light so that their merits were not separable, but united in the *ensemble*. Mr. Fildes, Mr. Van Haanen, and Mr. Woods, all painting in their own excessively modern and living little Venetian school, did work of this rare kind. So, more eminently, did one whose genius hardly comes within the scope of an article on English art — M. Dagnan, the painter of that exquisite picture "Vaccination." In the Grosvenor Gallery there was excellence of the quite different kind that is represented by Mr. Burne Jones's rich talent. Here the landscapes, too, seemed to show, in proportion to their number, more that was admirable than the landscape work in the Royal Academy. The smaller galleries presented less than usual that was memorable.

But, as the London season is occupied with trivialities in music, while what is noble and grave is put aside at the end of winter, the art work that comes up in an annual crop for the buying and selling, talking and printing, of the year appears chiefly in the gay days of the London spring and summer. Mr. Frith comes out with Mr. Cowen, and Signor Tosti with Mr. Pettie. For the serious spirits of the winter there are Quentin Matsys and Bach, Beethoven and Titian. And this winter,

though it is the sixteenth since the collections of England were first laid under contribution for these annual exhibitions, has furnished Burlington House as richly, if not as fully, as ever before. It is almost a surprise to find such works as Mabuse's "Adoration of the Magi," and Rubens's "Anne of Austria," and Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Penelope Boothby" now brought for the first time before the present generation of the public. The Mabuse, with its wonderful detail—detail of character and action as well as of costume and adjustment—is the sensational picture for those who love old work and for those who love to talk of loving it. The Rubens is one of the most brilliant specimens, in this or any country, of the master's exquisite flesh-painting. But it is a portrait without charm as the presentation of a woman, the majesty, repose, and refinement having the indefinable Teutonic lack of distinction. But one of the treasures of the collection is the "St. Roch" of Francia, an important example of the master, in brilliant preservation, and indescribably beautiful and divine. The spirit of the Middle Ages in its aspiration, hope, and sadness is in the Saint's pathetic face and in the innocence of the action—an innocence distinctively masculine, even though to careless observers the elegance of Perugino's and of Francia's Saints may seem to bear a somewhat feminine character. This San Rocco stands arrested, in his pilgrimage through the *naïf* but indefinitely charming landscape of the school, to receive the message of a vision. The pose of the long limbs, slender and piously graceful, should be compared with the far more studied attitudes of Raphael. For Raphael's magisterial greatness assuredly wrought, in every way, for that completeness which put a stop to the irrecoverable blessedness and beauty of progression. Painters there were who, at a later date than his, had the adolescence of art in their hearts; but they were accidental. Broadly speaking, Raphael was, and caused, that culmination which must be hoped for and feared. There is



no moment of immutability. But if there were such an immortal instant, where would we choose to place it? At the perfection, or just before? What age would man and woman choose to wear in Heaven, and in what season to rejoice? Would it not be adolescence and the spring?

The winter Grosvenor has done honour to two men of two centuries—the noble portrait and landscape painter, Gainsborough, whose work stands as the most thoughtful, delicate, and fastidious expression of the eighteenth-century culture; and Richard Doyle, whose genius was, like Lamb's, "frolic and gentle." Doyle's work was technically so marred by mannerism, whim, and weakness, and by the slovenly habits of a time when illustrators never thought it worth the trouble to draw from models, that it can never take a quite serious place in technical estimation. But his invention and fancy were of the purest quality of original genius, a true spirit of delight, its very grotesqueness sweet, and its irony gay. For when Doyle had sarcasm to express, an imp or a snail was its object; when he was a little stern, it was about a dragon; or when he had satirical intentions, it was with regard to the court of a frog king. All his drawings were the best expression of the pure and happy spirit of play—and surely Richard Doyle has leavened the most unplayful age in the world's history.

If the rapid rise of painters to fortune and to public favour in recent years, and the witness borne by the red-brick palaces which patient mediocrity has been able to build for itself, have made many adopt for their own a profession which was once associated in the parental mind only with starving genius, this very incursion of candidates has necessarily crippled the resources of those already inside the temple; old painters are pushed aside, and some of them knocked down and ruthlessly trampled on by the rush, and the new-comers elbow one another. It may, however, be doubted whether the relaxing effect of too

much prosperity is not as fatal to fine production as is the fever which comes from the ignoble pressure of poverty ; and the public may therefore be not altogether in dread of the threatened day when there shall be as many artists as there are patrons of art.

But it is not only under the stress of contemporary competition that the artists are bewailing the infrequent sales of the past season. The Old Masters are constantly marshalled against the Young in the place which least beseems their majesty. Their shades are summoned to strive with flesh in the London sale-rooms ; and who shall wonder if they win the victory ? During the last year collection after collection has been broken up by owners who were unwilling to prison so much capital on the walls of half-deserted country houses, and were restless under the knowledge that they had vast treasures at the mercy of a housemaid's candle. Manuscripts and porcelain have poured into the market with pictures and sketches ; for what private owner could long stand the strain of guarding from fire and from falls a Limoges dish, for instance, such as that which fetched £7,335 at the sale of the Fountain Collection ? Sir Philip Miles sent away a few of his Old Masters from Leigh Court, and lodged in his own bank, in their stead, a cheque for nearly £30,000. But what made the art sales of 1884 really memorable was the purchase of Raphael's *Ansdei Madonna*, which fitly forms our frontispiece, as it does that of "The Year's Art," if only on account of the unprecedented sum of £70,000 paid for it by the nation to the Duke of Marlborough. The largest sum paid for a picture—that given by France in 1852 for Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," now in the Louvre—was £24,612 until nearly three times that amount was paid a few months ago for the transfer of this masterpiece of Raphael from Blenheim to the National Gallery.

In the centre of the picture is seen the Virgin on a throne,

supporting with one hand the Child on her lap, who looks at a book she holds with the other. At the left St. John the Baptist holds in one hand a crystal cross, which reaches to the ground, and points in admiration with the other to the Infant Christ. On the right, St. Nicholas of Bari, in pontificals, has in his right hand a golden crozier, and in his left an open book which guides his devout meditation. In the background is a building, with large semicircular arches of a light-gray colour, through which is seen a landscape. The figures are three-quarters the size of life.

It was after his first residence in Florence—so says Vasari—that Raphael painted this picture, and destined it for the family chapel of the Ansidei in the Servite Church of San Fiorenzo at Perugia. By the admirers of this master—Waagen among the number—it is regarded with great interest as exhibiting the transition from his Perugian to his Florentine style. They see in it still preserved the depth of religious feeling and partly the external school style of the former, combined with that endeavour after greater truth to nature and greater freedom which he first made in Florence. All the parts of the picture—which is in an exceptionally good state of preservation—are executed with great care in solid impasto. The general impression of the colours is forcible, yet harmonious. In the flesh the shadows are gray, the local tone delicately yellowish, and the lights whitish. In the opinion of experts, this picture, which has on the hem of the Virgin's robe the date MDV, was painted directly after the "Christ on the Cross" formerly in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, and before the lunette in San Severo in Perugia, known to be also the work of the year 1505, and held to be the oldest example of Raphael's freer style. Till the year 1764 the "Madonna" which the nation now possesses remained in the Church of San Fiorenzo. It was then bought by Mr. Gavin Hamilton for Lord Spencer, who gave it to the Duke of Marlborough, thus adding yet another to the many

presents of pictures at Blenheim—made mostly to the great Duke by the cities of the Netherlands when he saw and sighed for the glories of their Rubens.

History declares so much ; but who shall decide after what lapse of time it is pretty to look a gift-horse in the mouth and send him round to Tattersall's ?

FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.



## The “Abbé” Lesueur.

PAINTING in France, which as an art first took form under Louis VII., slowly assimilated, under Louis IX., whatever of strength it put forth with Francis I. Yet from da Vinci, del Sarto, and Rossi no national school could, of course, emanate : the artists of Fontainebleau were less French than Italian. Indeed, had painting been felt as an ennobling and sacred art rather than embellishment—the illuminating of Fouquet, the miniatures of Clouet—it could scarcely have withstood the blighting licentiousness of the Courts of Francis II. and Charles IX. Whatever of purity and elevation Cousin had given was then lost.

From the faulty design and feeble colouring of this corrupted taste French art was raised by Simon Vouet when, called from Rome by Louis XIII., he established a school and became celebrated for his pupils. One of the foremost of these was Eustache Lesueur. Never out of France, scarcely ever leaving Paris, restricted to few models of the antique, and fewer of the Italian masters, studying Raphael deeply—through engravings—by incessant toil and innate genius he became founder of the Academy of Painters, and one of the greatest representatives of the then French School. When Poussin left Paris for Italy, Lesueur, without money to go also, begged him to write often and fully. These letters, illustrated with sketches, were Lesueur's study. Vouet loved him ; and so rapidly he advanced that as an acknowledged equal Vouet associated the young artist with himself in decorating the Hôtel Bouillon. Seeking sanctuary in the Chartreuse from a duel in which he had killed his man, Lesueur, in gratitude for its hospitality, painted the cloister with twenty-two scenes from St. Bruno's life. This

three years' work established his fame, still more extended by a "St. Paul" so highly thought of that it was publicly exhibited every First of May in Notre Dame. Too early to be touched by the false taste of Louis XIV., this graceful and natural painter, in whom no reminiscence of another could be detected, died a lonely man at thirty-eight—worn out, before the prime of manhood, with work and by the bitter jealousies of his rivals.

Himself the son of an artist, he transmitted the refining instinct to his grand-nephew, who, with equal disadvantages of early education, left an equal impress of genius on the art of his day. In form of mind, habit of work, and emphasis of character, painter and musician were much akin. In conceptions alike vigorous and noble, there was the same simplicity in the essentials and rigid care in the execution of their work, distinguished as it was in both by great freedom and boldness. Owing nothing to any one but themselves, laborious students into their manhood, they each gave freely of their knowledge to younger minds, and this with an unselfishness and success which made both eminent as teachers. Themselves free from rancour or jealousy, they suffered from the meanest rivalries of others; yet in neither could candour or kindness be lessened nor the truth and nobleness of the heart soured. Their solace was an intense devotion to art, at once an aim and a reward.

In 1725, Philidor, brother of the eminent composer and chess-player, secured the right of a series of concerts on those days in Lent on which the Opéra was closed. The assemblies thus originated were "Concerts Spirituels," frequently held in the private theatre of the Tuileries. To perform at them was the ambition of young musicians, where success was the first step to fame, if not fortune, in Paris. Eager for both, Lesueur in 1784 appeared at one, giving some of his own motets. His success was complete, Gossec, Grétry, and Philidor securing him.

the *maitrise* and directorship of the Holy Innocents. The most valued result, however, was the friendship of Sacchini. Though Glück had returned to Germany, and the two men whose names were senselessly used had long understood and appreciated each other, the wranglings of the Glück-Piccini partisans were still bitter. Sacchini was a guide to Lesueur through the unmusical warfare. This son of a poor fisherman, approaching the end of life, was almost adored in Paris. Living intimately among admirers become friends, the tender and delightful melodist encouraged the provincial to bring his compositions. These, all church music, the old Italian read attentively, counselling, urging, and introducing him into musical circles with the kindest foresight. Reared from a child in those little school-conservatoires, the *maitrises* of churches, Lesueur's genius, essentially dramatic, had been given a direction not exactly fitted to its fullest development. The mind thus imbued, his taste was formed in sacred music, resulting in a distinctive combination which is his feature in musical history. Sacchini was quick to see the divergence between this innate aptitude and the fortuitous tendency, so that, while fostering his artistic endeavours, he insisted that the focus of his power lay in the theatre—untiringly pointing to the stage for the only full scope of his talents. Thus what the Florentine Calsabigi had been to Glück and Glück himself to Méhul, Sacchini was to Lesueur. The right direction was pointed out, but its adoption was delayed too long.

His young life had been passed in cathedrals. The loftiness, the grandeur, the vastness, of those shrines had impressed the soul of Lesueur with an ineffaceable image. The sacred offices, the solemn liturgy, had penetrated his spirit. When absolutely alone, and God's places were deserted, the struggling student would linger hours among their mysterious silences, meditating how music could compass the meanings that came to him. Amid their tinted shadows and hushed stillnesses, feeling



the invisible Presence, he dreamed the possibilities of music. There he formed his ideal—the mind of God speaking in music through emotion to the soul of man. There he consecrated his intellect to its attainment. Thought and study fixed the essentials ; enthusiastic faith determined the results.

The manner chosen, the means alone were wanting. These he secured in 1786. The directorship of Notre Dame falling vacant, Lesueur carried it with high honour in a keen competition, but insisted he should have full liberty to devote all resources of music to perfecting the sacred offices. This granted, Lesueur, alone knowing all that lay latent in the permission, felt his dreams a reality within grasp.

If less self-educated than Gossec, Lesueur, without money, without a teacher, by laborious study and sheer mental effort, if he did not attain all his thought foreshadowed, made an epoch in church music, and won a brilliant place among the leaders of his art in France. And in after-years, when an old man, strolling by the Seine or sitting under the shadow of the Tuileries with his dear pupil, Berlioz, he would linger over his first ambitions. To these memories Berlioz would listen till the hint of some theory the fiery student did not hold produced a hot discussion : then a chance mention of Glück, Virgil, or Napoléon would still the tempest ; for these were gods to both.

To appreciate Lesueur's originality, we must remember he had no master and no models. France in his youth had no School of Music ; no traditions, such as Scarlatti, Leo, Durante, and Porpora left to Italy ; no Conservatoires, like Santa Maria da Loretto and San Giovanni e Paolo. Music as a serious art was nowhere cultivated : its breadth, height, and depth undreamt till Glück, with the glory of Orpheus and Alceste, came in 1774. So that, though Glück had brought the grandeur and Piccini the richness of their genius to the French capital, the renaissance of music, the dawn of its artistic taste, was only



breaking there as Lesueur stood in Notre Dame, his ideal worked out, the basis of his reputation laid.\*

Moscheles has well said, "Music is the offspring of deep feeling, and by deep feeling alone can it be comprehended." For Lesueur, music was a passion which must have passionate expression; sacred song the concentration of the soul's emotion, and music its most perfect voice, but perfect by intimate union of words with their expression, the thought and its form, an absolute description in its rendering of the language to be interpreted. Thus, in its essence imitative, it was lifted into the most beautiful of picturesque arts. But he went deeper. A meditator from childhood in pillared basilicas, he felt the whole energy of the human soul little enough to fill their vaulted roofs with petition or praise. His habit of intellect had become wide and vast; its expression should have volume and mass. He would have multitudes to deal with, and, to move them, would seize every passion with which they were gifted. Men in the mass don't think, they feel, for man's life is a tragedy; if you would touch it, strike through the emotions; if you would soften it, give music dramatic force, and they are one in sympathy. Palestrina and the old Roman masters drew prayer from a humbled heart across a soul whose passions they made slumber. To Lesueur prayer was either the cry of a tumultuous soul or the praise of an awakened spirit. He agitated to elevate; he aroused that he might quicken, and took the Liturgy as a prayer which, that it might penetrate deeper into the souls of men, he clothed with a transport as powerful as he could make it. The very antithesis of Heine's "the less church music attracts notice the better it is," it was a grand ideal—the dream of his youth, the law of his manhood—but what more than a hope in his old age?

\* Mozart's "Figaro" was not heard in Paris till 1793, and "Zauberflöte" after that; the Symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven not till 1805; and not the complete "Don Juan" till 1811.

Without discarding the solemn and exact beauties of the old style, he interwove them with a greater richness new combinations gave him, and subtler ideas a fuller instrumentation enabled him to declare. It was to expression—properly so called, the blending of meaning and music, the clothing, not smothering, of the thought with the *revealing* of the prayer by music—that Lesueur turned all his resources of harmony. "Si la musique," he wrote, "dans certain cas ne signifie rien, ce n'est donc point la faute de l'art, mais bien celle du compositeur." Laying the seeds of those theories the fulfilment of which has left Berlioz a master and Wagner a word of fame, he boldly made his church music essentially descriptive, colouring it with all his power of modulation, and intensifying it with dramatic passion. For this he established a grand orchestra at the cathedral, and instituted overtures to open the solemn offices. The innovation was daring, and he pressed it. His Masses drew crowds to Notre Dame, the grandeur of his performances at first even dazzling the more ascetic. Like Frescobaldi at St. Peter's, he drew within the sacred walls crowds whom no preacher could have won. At Christmas he produced his celebrated "Messe de Noël," in which the originality of his conceptions was more hardily advanced. But the first bewilderment over, questions arose, opposition took form, and jealousy awoke. More came to listen than remained to pray. This was not the Roman song. Palestrina's music was a prayer hear it where you might ; this became such only by being heard in a sacred place. Parties were made, violent discussions held ; men of literary fame, headed by Marmontel—who had led the Piccinists—championed the young musician's cause. Intrigues grew bitter ; like Rameau before him, Lesueur was the centre of the meanest animosities till that form of sacred music which in this very capital Cherubini in a few years was to carry to so grand an issue, which Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Hummel have hallowed for all time, was nicknamed the "Beggars' opera."

Whatever the bent of his genius, Lesueur was at this time solely an ecclesiastical composer, a man of deeply devotional feeling, the very last to degrade divine offices to be a handmaiden of music. But he was an innovator, and therefore misjudged ; his dramatic art condemned as theatrical artifice ; his richness, an operatic device ; his very simplicity mistaken for frivolity.

Sacchini, for whose death he wrote the beautiful cantata "L'Ombre de Sacchini," had passed away, but not so the memory of the many hours they had spent together. Recalling these, and feeling, in the opposition of the chapter of Notre Dame, the ground he stood on becoming insecure, he turned his thoughts to the opera. Although the story of *Télémaque* had been already used by André Destouches, Lesueur made it his subject. His acceptance at the Opéra gave his opponents their surest weapon. The Master of Notre Dame had declared himself ; the Abbé Lesueur was writing for the stage ; it was there he was dragging the services of the church.\* The wavering were convinced ; a short leave of absence was availed of to enforce a return to the older usages. The express stipulations of his acceptance of the post being thus broken, he resigned : a defeat embittered by a ruthless charge of dishonesty in the use of moneys entrusted him for musical purposes. This the noble heart of Lesueur—the most honourable of men—would not brook ; rousing his whole energy, he compelled his accusers publicly to vindicate his absolute probity in the most minute detail.

Weary and disheartened, he left Paris to seek in the friendship of Bochart de Champagny a soothing calm he had not known for years. Amid the peace of the country, the refined taste of a cultivated household, and the repose of absolute privacy he passed four of the happiest years of his life. But he was not a man long to love tranquillity. His was not the

\* On becoming director at the cathedral he had assumed the ecclesiastical dress, and was therefore known as the Abbé Lesueur, though never in orders.



temper to dream away existence. The old advice of Sacchini, the ground of controversy about his church music and the innate tendency of his mind, concurred strongly to urge the theatre as his medium of musical expression. The determination taken, he became once more a student for whom no labour was too difficult or too long. On Champagny entertaining fears for his health, he laughed them aside, eluding all attempts to engage him in diversion. At last the host forbade any lights being supplied his friend during the night, so, secreting a supply of wood in the day, Lesueur secured enough fire to enable him, lying on the hearth, to continue his work. This was the spirit which impelled young Sebastian Bach to copy for six months by the light of the moon his brother's hidden book of MSS. by the great Clavecinists.

Upon his success in opera, his work at the Conservatoire, his position under Napoléon, his honour with the Bourbons, or his fame as a teacher we need not dwell, these being better known. But it is to be regretted that more of his sacred writings are not heard. The solemnity and stateliness of his oratorios of the Passion, the pathos of "Ruth et Naomi," the dramatic intensity of "Rachel," it is true, hid faults of construction and detail more apparent to us than to his contemporaries. And it cannot be denied that Lesueur greatly erred in the idea, held tenaciously, that simplicity was an essential feature of the songs of the Hebrews—a misconception he laboured to embody in all music relating to them. Again, to local colour or historical truth, he sacrificed everything, even poetic development. This is exceedingly to be regretted in one who had deep affection for Old Testament histories, the grandeur of whose poetry might have expected a fuller realization at his hands.

A great writer of sacred song, a genius of strong originality, a thinker in music full of bold ideas and energetic conceptions, Lesueur is less known for himself than for his pupils. There



is, we must admit, a too frequent repetition in his early and best work, due largely to the sense of opposition in which he then habitually lived, drawing out, as it would, insistence on an idea or reiteration of an expression. This, with a Roman simplicity actually severe, would produce a monotony from which he was never quite free. His mind was so concentrated in the grandeur of his idea that ornament and fancy became trifles, if not distractions. Less a chapel-master than a cathedral-director, his thoughts formed themselves to move a mass of men. Again, from his constant use of common cords arose a sombreness with him as of one, a student, overburdened by the severity of the old masters, accentuated by his abstention from the use of melodic ornament. Noticeable, too—more in his opera, perhaps, than in the church music—is a slowness of movement, a fault of a fair device pushed too far. The habit of writing for large spaces where a due emphasis, by sustained sound, could only produce the desired result, where in a quicker succession of vibrations the finer and more solemn effects would have been lost, led him to neglect their use when writing for smaller platforms. Sevelingo, who bore Lesueur no love, declared he emptied out of his operas the dramatic force with which he filled his church music. The reason is obvious. He analyzed too much: restraining himself so incessantly that impulse was always checked, and the overflow died away. In proof of this—that his operas were studies rather than inspirations—the score of “*La Mort d’Adam*” may be taken. Every page is crowded with suggestions, thoughts, ideas, to be pondered, weighed, valued. We can see his mind in the act of composition: not being unburdened of, but burdening itself with, thought; not impelled to write from accumulation of passion, but restless to compose from accumulation of knowledge.

Yet was he the leader and teacher of greater men; for “a master,” in the words of Schumann, “has not scholars, but masters.” He was one who felt and taught the possibilities of

orchestration ; who, illuminating it with imaginative strength and colouring it with dramatic force, first offered it to a service in that form which has since been hallowed ; a musician who, if we place him below Méhul and Cherubini, Grétry, never very prodigal of praise, did not hesitate to call more vigorous than Glück ; a teacher concerning whom Hector Berlioz was proud to sign himself "pupil of Lesueur."

D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR.

## An Architect on Architecture.\*

IT is a pleasure to address you, for many reasons, and for these two in particular—because you are the natural heirs of the men of my era, and because nothing that is worth hearing will escape you. You are in the enjoyment of youth and enthusiasm ; some anxious to learn what can be taught, and to assimilate what should be assimilated ; others burning to enrich London, their native town, their country, or even the world, with their works, which they hope will surpass the former achievements of man :—

If Nature put not forth her power  
About the opening of the flower,  
Who is it that could live an hour ?

While we of more mature years, who have suffered the rubs of fortune, and most of whose illusions have passed away, are more anxious to give caution and encouragement to those who are to carry forward our torch in the race than for our own success.

It might, perhaps, be more agreeable to my hearers and myself were I to speak of colour—easier for me, and affording you the chance of feasting your eyes on fine old things when you are tired of listening. Yet it seems to me more important to point out to you the position of the art, the necessity of improving our practice of it, and, if possible, of showing the way. No improvement that I could suggest would compare in usefulness to the rousing your enthusiasm to that white heat in which the whole man is changed to that glorified state from

\* A paper prepared by Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A., for delivery before the Architectural Association.

which heroes and martyrs have been formed ; for surely if our art is within measurable time to take the sublime forms that it assumed in ancient Greece, the new and mystic forms it took in Mediæval Europe, or the graceful and fantastic forms of the budding Renaissance, it can only be through the exaltation of a few, whose fiery enthusiasm and abnegation of self will kindle the sacred fire in hearts now devoted to self-interest, self-advancement, self-glorification, and the meagre joys of five per cent. You will have to turn your backs on the City of Destruction, to pass through the Slough of Despond, before you can enter in at the Strait Gate. And, unfortunately, there is no Evangelist to comfort you when you faint, nor to strengthen your resolves when you waver.

As I understand, there are certain conditions without which architecture, as an art, is impossible ; there must be the laid-up wealth, much building on a large scale, and a taste—nay, a passion—for beauty, for sublimity, and magnificence, amongst the public ; and there must be those conditions of law and custom that will not thwart the desires of the owner of the building. There must be the architects, honest, skilful, and inventive. I think we cannot doubt the existence of the laid-up wealth, nor of the need of buildings, some, at least, of large size, nor of a sort of sluggish taste for work good of its kind ; but I think we may safely say there is no over-mastering passion in the public for architectural beauty or magnificence. There is, of course, discernment enough to know a good building from a bad one, but the inclination is rather to pick holes in the best building than to thank God that anything so beautiful could be made by man.

There are, however, laws and customs that perhaps do more than general apathy itself to check the development of the rising taste for beauty ; for instance, "leasehold tenure." Who will build magnificently for some one else ? Is it credible that any one will secure superb workmanship, the most enduring



materials, and all the art that the best architect, sculptor, and painter can supply, if the building is to pass to a stranger at the end of sixty, eighty, or ninety-nine years? Besides, the freeholder will look to see that what his tenant wants to make his house perfectly fitted for himself is also fitted for after-tenants, even when he does not force upon his tenant some of his own views of propriety and beauty.

There is a fashion now for buying pictures, and an excellent fashion, too, so far as it goes; but I fear it is not altogether separable from the idea that if the pictures are skilfully chosen they are better investments than any known on the Stock Exchange: else why are there so few friezes, wall pictures, and mosaics in buildings that are not leasehold? I merely mention this because it might otherwise seem that architecture had been outstripped in the race by the sister art. I am by no means sure that this is not the case; and if it be so, let us again draw up to the painters, and pass them if we can: no one objects to generous rivalry. I ask, if painting be truly and honestly admired for its own sake, how it comes about that none of the pæans sung in its praise are sung in praise of our art? And why the architects who build more excellently than their fellows are not run after like the celebrated painters? On the whole we may say that the first half of the last one hundred years was a very artless one. We escaped from perhaps a worse fate than once threatened Greece, but no temples rose, and few monuments recorded our thankfulness and our victory. When we had modestly housed the Duke, put up a bronze Achilles to his glory, named Waterloo Place, Waterloo Bridge, Waterloo Road, and Waterloo Blue, our thankfulness and our enthusiasm expired.

If we compare the spirit of the Florentines in the thirteenth century, only just emerging from barbarism, and owning but one tiny city, determining that their new cathedral, St. Mary of the Blossoms, should exceed in magnificence any building

that Greeks, Romans, or the proudest people of the earth had built, what a contrast they make with us, possessing an empire on which the sun never sets, but doubting whether we have enough courage, energy, and industry to keep what our fathers won for us, the supreme aim of whose Government is to see if it cannot save three-halfpence off the architect's commission. So much for the public ; now for ourselves. It would be as insulting as untrue to doubt the honesty of the generality of architects. I do not doubt that amongst the whole body of them there is much more skill than could have been found for a century or more, and it would be invidious to compare the individual excellence of living architects with the great who have passed away. We have reburnished the rusty armour and weapons of antiquity and the Middle Ages, are fairly skilful at the old fence ; but I fear we lack the heart and the inventiveness of the old Paladins. No *coup de Jarnac* seems to be invented now. We bear too much resemblance to the men in armour at the Lord Mayor's show ; the armour and weapons may be as good and as bright as armour or weapons ever were, the men may be bigger and their thews as strong, but their hearts have not the ancient courage, nor their souls the same devotion ; and, even if the men were our modern Paladins, they would not fight in that armour nor with those weapons. Do not fancy that I suppose that any man can evolve a style ; there must be something to start from, and a multitude striving in the same direction, every one of that multitude anxious to solve the pressing problems of the day, and several generations to bring the new thoughts to anything like completeness : but what we all feel is the absence of the first step. You know Viollet-le-Duc's comparison of the architects to an opera chorus singing "Let us go," though they all stand still.

It may be that the grand gift of architectural invention is only to be found in what we call new races ; barbarous races who have suddenly emerged from their homes, who find themselves

conquerors, and face to face with a higher civilization, and in the possession of unheard-of wealth—such races as the Arabs and the Normans.

Amongst civilized nations, the Roman was the only one I know that slowly evolved a style. Unless one were a prophet, a necromancer, or whatever he be called, who can depict the probable development of past possibilities, it is impossible to say whether the Romans would have created a style of their own, could they have increased in wealth and civilization without the subjugation of the known world. All we know is, they did not; they were born constructors, and had cultivated this native gift to great perfection even before they conquered Greece. The artistic excellence of Greek architecture dazzled their eyes and enslaved their minds. Like ourselves, they wanted excellence ready-made, and would not wait for its growth; but they were too practical a people to give up their advanced system of construction for the primitive one of Greece. They were not artistic enough to apply at once Greek principles of beauty to their own new forms of construction—the arch, the vault, and the dome. So apparently the art architect was created. He stuck vulgarized imitations of Greek work on to Roman construction, and it was not till five or six centuries had elapsed that the Romans possessed a real style, one that ornamented their own native construction with appropriate forms. This style we now call the Byzantine.

The Greeks carried the old style of construction—the post and lintel—to the highest artistic perfection, and in a style differing from the Egyptian, Assyrian, or Indian; so a new system of construction is not necessary for a new style. The Romans, having new constructive elements, gradually learned how to clothe them in forms of beauty that neither hid nor belied constructive truth.

The Arabs—for we call the conquered people by the name of their conquerors—somewhat improved on Roman construc-



tion, and certainly clothed their construction with forms that were wholly new and original. One of the most striking features of Arab architecture is the stalactite or honeycomb work, and, if Owen Jones's assertion is to be believed, this was gradually evolved from the attempt at copying series of superposed eggs and tongues that took their fancy. Here, to say the least, is the one step forward from which came such wonderful results. Before we have analyzed the elements of it, an Arab honey-combed dome does not seem to be the work of man's hand, but to be the work of some superior being. Though I hope I may be wrong, I do not see this tendency towards development in modern architecture.

The Normans, with examples of Roman and Byzantine work at home, and with reminiscences of Syriac and Arab work abroad, gradually evolved a wholly new style. They, or some of the people they conquered and animated with their resistless energy, developed the arch and vault to their uttermost perfection, and I think we may say they evolved and developed tracery.

If you think of the continuous invention implied in passing from columned and arched windows to the fantastic tracery of the Flamboyant, at first sight it seems that there was more invention then than now, perhaps because we can now see the transitions at a glance, though it really took four or five centuries to complete the development. Phases of plant growth, before overlooked or disregarded, took men's fancy, and they piled the pyramid on the tower, and so gave what we suppose to be a novel aspect to buildings. At any rate, we know that the Christian cathedral is very different from the Pagan temple. Whether in the Babel of architecture that now exists we are slowly evolving a new style, no one who lives in it can say. We must not forget the almost frenzied energy with which the English architects of fifty years ago threw themselves into Gothic, how perfectly they mastered its apparent intricacy, till



a Mediæval, revisiting the earth, might believe he had come back to his own time again. This training, with the Roman Classic forms ingrained in the people and revived, points to a new style partaking of both elements.

All I can do is to point out to you what little observations I have made. You have often heard me say that I believe that what taste there is, that is not antiquarian, lies in the direction of simplicity, and as I am sometimes charged with paradox—that is, saying that which though true is strange—I will now explain my reasons. The old sailing ship of my youth was of the uttermost complexity, with masts, yards, booms, and bowsprits, with shrouds, ropes, and dead-eyes, sails and pennons, a sculptured figure-head, and carved stern, while that modern monster of the deep—the ironclad—is as simple and black as a dolphin, with nothing but a funnel for its back fin. The old dinner-knife, curved like a scimitar, with its blobbed end to prevent stabbing and to eat peas with, its conical handle coloured green, and bossed with silver, has made way for the rectangular blade, in its oblong haft. The many-runged chair, ornamentally turned and fancifully carved, has been supplanted by one of four plain legs, with two rounded uprights, and a slightly curved top. I am not now speaking of art furniture. Every wheeled carriage that is turned out aims day by day at being more perfectly simple, and harness is made more and more without a stitch or a rivet that is not for pure use. So much so that the old waggons we sometimes see, all chamfered curiously, the horses' harness covered with jingling brass plates, pierced and engraved, and with ornamental stitching, remind one of Mediæval days. And what can be of sterner simplicity than the new carriage of our time—the bicycle—which, when bestridden, presents us with the Centaur of the nineteenth century? Take these observations for what they are worth: to me they point to simplicity of taste. We have two absolutely new materials, iron and cement concrete, and both these

materials almost force us back to the pure post-and-lintel construction of the early days of our race. The use of iron should, at least, be marked in some way ; but hitherto we have adopted the Roman plan. The girders with their vaults are covered up with a false ceiling in imitation of wood framework ; and we cannot as yet be said to have turned ironwork to much æsthetic use. Of ornament we have no lack : does it point to anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that the cultivated man of the nineteenth century cares for ? We have our sacred animals, those devoted to sport—the fox, the roebuck, the red-deer, the pheasant, the partridge, the grouse, the woodcock, the trout, and the salmon. Do we ever see one of these put on a house because the owner is a hunter, a sportsman, or a fly-fisher ? Do we see domestic pets—a cat, a dog, a canary, or a squirrel—carved on a house ? Though there was one squirrel immortalized by figuring in the centre of each drawing-room frieze of a speculative builder's row of houses, this squirrel would “have cracked his nuts in liberty” had not both been of plaster. Lions' heads we see by scores, because the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans liked them ; nay, I have seen bullocks' heads on a bank, but I took that for the architect's monogram.

There are two emblems that the modern architect has taken under his especial protection, the stone cannon-ball and the flower-pot, and these are now receiving their apotheosis. The flower-pot I think I understand, but why the cannon-ball ? Figure sculpture of this century we cannot have ; our dress is too ignoble to be represented in any lasting material of one colour, and this is a terrible misfortune, for the bulk of mankind care for nothing but the present. The architect, like the poet, is born, and not made : though when either is born he takes a good deal of making ; but in one respect the architect is more like the soldier than the poet, for after he has endured his training, and learned his drill, it is from the teaching of the actual strife that great generals and great

architects are formed. Since the incubation of the Renaissance it is curious to note how few great architects there have been who have not measured some of the celebrated ruins of antiquity, at least of those who have succeeded in making fine monumental buildings.

The close communion with antique greatness seems in some measure to impart that greatness to those fitted to receive it. So, few great modern poets have not been classical scholars ; those grand exceptions—Shakespeare and Burns—were not unconscious of this misfortune, and repaired it by studying the antique masterpieces at second-hand.

Drawing is doubtless a great art. Not only does it enable us to show completely and brilliantly what we mean to do, but the training to eye and hand is invaluable, and we can mostly distinguish between the works of the architects who can draw and those who cannot ; and if we cannot, the architect who is a brilliant draughtsman can, for he sees the improvised turns that the mere art of drawing suggests. Still this brilliant achievement is being carried in the present day beyond its legitimate end, or rather, I should say, it is made too much of, to the exclusion of more important things ; though it helps us by forcing us to observe, and reveals to us some of the causes of excellence in buildings, though it enables us to have a useful gallery at hand for our study, commands immediate recognition, some flattery, and frequent success. It is scarcely studying architecture, and is too apt to draw us away from more tedious studies, such as measuring fine examples and calculating their proportions, studies more necessary for our education, which are apt to call down on us the contempt of our friends and the gibes of painters, though the end of these studies is to increase our knowledge and to enable us to acquire that skill which is the peculiarity of the architect as distinct from the builder, the engineer, the draughtsman, or the designer. Paradox as it may seem, architectural invention is not the one distinguishing characteristic of the architect. His distinguishing characteristic is



the knowing how buildings and their details will look at the height and distance at which they are to be seen : and this can only be learned by actual practice, if it be not learned by the measurement of existing buildings. Pheidias was a monumental sculptor, and in the competition for the pediment of the Parthenon his work was judged to be the worst ; but he insisted that, as the sculpture was to be on a pediment, not on the ground, it must be seen at the proper height, and when this was done his was seen to be the best.

Mr. Ruskin, after one of his brilliant descriptions of an atmospheric effect on a distant hill, argues *à priori* on the probabilities of what the substance was which produced that effect, whether it was marble, ice, snow, or gold. He then walked up the hill, and found it to be caused by a wood of pine trees, and expatiates on the strangeness of the material chosen by Nature to produce such an effect. This is just our case. We have sketched something in a building which we consider successful, and are surprised when we try to produce a similar effect, that our work is a failure. It is so because we have used the ice or gold instead of the pine wood. When you learn to draw free-hand, learn figure drawing, for not only does the padding out of the ghastly bones with the necessary flesh give lessons of how the purely necessary can be clothed with beauty, but the figure gives the best lessons in form, and the exquisite refinements that Nature resorts to, and it also teaches us the comparatively small difference between the curves that make beauty and those that make ugliness.

One form of wisdom, however, consists in proportioning our efforts to the task we have to do and the time and strength at our disposal, and it is not wise to make our plan so vast that we shall have neither time nor materials to rear the building.

The three great divisions of architecture are—arrangement, construction, and beauty ; each division is transcendental, and no man that ever lived could say he had perfectly mastered one



of these subjects. Construction alone has of late years been raised into a profession, and no engineer could say that he had mastered it, and yet we have in that profession men of special and extraordinary ability, who have devoted their whole time to its study, who have won by it fame, titles, and fortune. And though M. C. Garnier's joke is not quite true, that they are only architects who have not finished their education, yet to gain the name of architect we must combine in some degree all three. That this combination, with extraordinary excellence in each branch, has not been beyond the powers of some giants, who have added to it sculpture, painting, and poetry, is a reason why giants should not despair. All I say is, let us be sure we are good architects before we become painters, sculptors, and poets, and let us not lose the substance for the shadow. To aim at everything and to do nothing well is not, in my opinion, to win self-respect—not even fame.

Some of you may recollect Martial's epigram on Attalus, who did everything prettily :—

He that doth nothing well, all prettily,  
A very idle-busy man must be.

No country, however, wants the aid of the real architectural sculptor so much as England. And if your taste leads you to abandon architecture, and become an accomplished architectural sculptor, every wise architect will hail you with delight. I may also mention incidentally that France has almost the monopoly of architectural illustration; the whole world is supplied by her, at least when the books are illustrated with fine steel engravings. Here at least is an opportunity for the highly-skilled architectural draughtsman, for France has this monopoly by reason only of her superior industry and skill.

We may say that geometry is the mother of architecture, yet how few study it. Read Professor Willis's paper on "Stonecutting in the Middle Ages," and see the great acquaintance there was then with it. In the Arab writings, when a

town or a palace is to be built, the king sends for the geometers and mathematicians, and those mysterious and intricate interlaced patterns, the real arabesques, are founded on pure geometry. Proportion is the soul of architecture, though every style get some of its flavour from a tendency to some particular proportion.

The Reform Club is, I think, the most perfectly-proportioned building that has been built in Europe since the Italian Renaissance, and the story goes that Sir Charles Barry had the proportions of every celebrated Italian palace taken out, and took a mean for the club. We know from Vitruvius that the Greeks had established a canon for proportioning their works, which the Roman architects imitated. We try to extract from old buildings the secret of their success, and we can in some cases obtain their proportions ; but those proportions must be applied to some definite form, and it is just this definite form that we lack. Like the fever-tossed patient, we try to get rest and ease by constant turning. We in this century have tried Greek, Egyptian, Italian ; every period of English Mediæval from Norman to Tudor ; Italian, French, and Flemish Gothic, Elizabethan, and the Dutch Renaissance ; but no sooner have we mastered the style (and in some cases long before we have mastered it) than we abandon it for something else. This passion for change prevents us from exercising that power of modification on any style which might make it suit our wants and likings.

Our friendly but grumbling critic, Mr. Fergusson, has written high praise of us in his "Modern Architecture" :—"As a body, the architects of this country have never been so numerous, so well instructed, nor so earnest in the exercise of their vocation as at present." Yet he is always insisting on his text that "modern architects do not think, they only copy," a saying seized on with pleasure by the ignorant multitude ; but we know how far it is from being the case. I dare say

that we think as much as architects ever thought, and copy less. I think that if you compare the buildings of one style done in the last thirty years, and take thirty years of either genuine Gothic or Renaissance, you will see that the modifications of the latter are not much more than those of the former; although in the former case these buildings of one style have mainly been the production of a small band of architects only, while the latter were of the whole body. I shall show hereafter the absurdity of supposing that a new style perfected in every part, and precisely adapted to present use, can issue from the brain of any one architect like the armed Minerva from Jupiter's. Every architecture we know has gradually proceeded from the small modifications each age has made, and that, too, at times when more attention was paid to architecture than has been the case for the last century, when men's thoughts have been occupied with the discovery of the powers of nature and the invention of machines to utilise those powers. We must, at least, begin by modifying or paraphrasing some known style, or by applying the mouldings and parts of something we do not know to the rectangular brick box with holes in it.

If this paraphrasing of bygone styles were confined to England alone it would not so much matter, because then we should know it resulted from idleness or natural incapacity, but it extends with civilized man. France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Austria, America, and Australia have nothing absolutely new to offer, so it is clear that neither race, climate, nor language can affect architecture; the defect must lie in the present civilization.

I am inclined to believe, in spite of Dr. Johnson, that "poets are but the tailors of other men's thoughts," and that which is true of poets is true of all artists. They are the men pre-eminently gifted with the spirit of their age, and blessed with the power of expression. If, then, the people of their time are



heroic, you have heroic poetry ; if the passions run riot you have passionate lyrics ; if causticity and sarcasm prevail,] you have satire ; but if the people have nothing poetical about them, the poet is driven to old themes. If the people are fat and shapeless, they afford no scope for the sculptor ; be they ever so beautifully made, and in ever so fine a condition, they will be useless to the sculptor if they wrap themselves in ugly garments that conceal their shape, and sculptors must revert to antiquity or die out. If the public care not for grace, dignity, or elegance in their habitations or public buildings, architecture dies, and dies more completely out than any other art. Poets may sing, painters may paint, and sculptors model, but it is a rare case when an architect could afford to build even the Reform Club House for his sole use and delight. If the public desires some sort of grace, dignity, or elegance, but does not much care what, and has no particular liking, as we have no style of our own, an old style is paraphrased till the public are tired of it, and then another style is paraphrased ; in short, architecture, like the other fine arts, closely portrays the spirit of its age.

Some ancient nations called themselves "Autochthones," or sprung from the soil, and if the story of the Doric temple is true, that it was suggested by the native wooden hut of Greece, the Doric temple may be said to have sprung from the soil, and after centuries of gradual perfecting, culminated in the Parthenon. We know that the Romans with building—but as we suppose without architecture—tried to imitate that of the Greeks, and after five, six, or seven centuries created Byzantine ; we know that the Normans copied as well as they could Roman and Byzantine buildings, and when touched by Arab art during the course of five or six centuries began and ended Gothic. The wave of Classic feeling that passed over Europe at first only wetted, as it were, the surface of things. The buildings remained Gothic, but with a savour of Classic ; the mouldings, ornaments,



and sculpture only were of Classic inspiration. Architecture then became as purely Roman as it could, and gradually losing all vitality, again made way for revived Greek and for revived Gothic. Many variations of Classic and Gothic have been introduced and practised, not to speak of flavours imported from Arabic, Moorish, Hindoo, Indo-Arabic, Chinese, and Japanese sources.

It is the easiest thing possible to imagine the throwing away of all former thoughts, traditions, and knowledge, the arrangement of buildings on purely rational principles with new and splendid effects, the whole clothed in new and beautiful proportions, adorned with new mouldings and ornament absolutely different from the past, and with figure-sculpture and painting animated by a new spirit, and that this combined perfection shall excite the admiration of the multitude and satisfy the fastidious taste of the cultivated. The only objection to this charming vision is that nothing of the sort has ever yet occurred in the history of our race. We should hear of African savages, who had heard nothing but the tom-tom, writing operas that surpassed those of Rossini or of Wagner; or North American Indians, who had seen nothing but a wigwam, erecting temples that surpassed the Parthenon or Notre Dame de Paris.

This visionary scheme was once put in practice. Brunel and Sir Digby Wyatt agreed to do the interior of the Great Western Railway Terminus on this principle. Brunel found the construction, Sir Digby the art; and every moulding was to be brand new, and no ornament was to be used as ornament, but only where necessity demanded it. You have the monument now before you of what one clever man can do.

It is admitted that without the "Iliad" we should not have had the "Æneid," nor the "Divina Commedia" without the latter; yet each had the flavour of its time. The Gothic foliated cap is a Mediæval paraphrase of the Corinthian capital;

the stella vaulting is but the outcome of the Roman groin. We adapt our buildings to our present wants, and use the iron construction of to-day to meet our needs ; and it is only when we seek to give our building the æsthetic flavour of the age that we fail, and I think the solution is that there is no æsthetic flavour in the age to give ; the public are just affected with the slight flutterings of taste, and are beginning to think they ought to have something more sightly than the old brick box of their youth, with holes in it for doors and windows.

The twelfth century was the incubating period of Gothic ; and it is quite possible that the nineteenth may be that of a new style ; we have not only been gathering specimens of architecture and architectural art from all parts of the world, but different architects, or groups of architects, have more or less assimilated the spirit of each. Let but the people of England, or of Europe, of America, or of Australia, have some definite taste and desire, the creative genius arise, and all this apparent chaos may form itself into an organised shape, embodying the sum of all the art and charms that characterise each one, and proceeding to develop itself in as logical a way as Gothic did. Maybe we have been making a bed of leaf mould—with leaves, too, from every part of the earth—from which the new tree may spring. Although I am no prophet, it seems not so unlikely that this so-called Queen Anne style may be the germ from which the tree is to spring, adapting itself to the outline and freedom of Gothic with the Classic detail—and when I say Classic I mean excellent. Even now it does not refuse alliance with the best sculpture and painting that this age affords, as Gothic does.

The first thing wanted is for you to train and drill yourselves, and when the power of expression is attained, to observe the temper of the age, and to work out the style which will suit that temper, and seize on the budding aspirations of the age. My own notion is, that this will be found to be perfectly proportioned and graceful simplicity, almost free from ornament,

but enriched with the finest sculpture and figure pictures that the age can afford. When you have done this you want to convert the nation, if the nation will then require any conversion. For if a national taste arise, you, as a part of the nation, must be imbued with its spirit, and be sure that, if you can give tongue to that aspiration, the pack will follow you. Probably there is no profession requiring so much study so poorly paid; so the architect works mainly for reputation and for fame.

Besides the hints about study that I have dropped in the course of this lecture, I want to direct your attention to the claims your art has on every age, in every nation. It is at least a lasting record of that age's taste and temper. From the durability of its works, it to some extent supplies the want of those more brilliant and lasting records, eloquence and poetry. The illiterate nations of the past would be as last year's snow were it not for their architecture, and its enshrinement of the cognate arts. Let us suppose that the ancient Egyptians had contented themselves with houses, tombs, temples, and palaces, of reeds and Nile mud; with all their glory and achievements they would be as utterly gone from human remembrance as the men who built the lake dwellings. We know that Egypt must have been great, because we see how vast, sumptuous, and artistic are its structures, while its sculptures tell of achievements in war and peace. When we consider the power of our art to endue buildings with sublimity, grace, elegance, beauty, or even with appropriate gloom or horror—when we consider that our art is enshrined in buildings of vast size and of long endurance—when we consider, too, that they reflect the character of the age in which they are built—I cannot for a moment doubt that architecture is worth living for, although I must admit that we are at this moment beset with so many depressing influences, that it is not surprising that some of us are tempted to despair—to throw aside our high aspirations, and to see if we cannot win in the race for



fortune when we have lightened ourselves by throwing away the desire for fame. But I say, despair not. Black and tempestuous as may be the sea on which you are about to venture, let your courage and endurance rise superior to the danger, and some of you at least will weather the storm. I believe that no good piece of work is ever thrown away, but even if you can do no more, you will help to hand down the tradition of your art unimpaired to happier times and more sunshiny days.

Master the art of architectural expression, master construction and arrangement, master a cultivated style, and then set yourselves to really adapt it to present requirements. Cut off all the redundancies, all that is not called for by actual needs, either practical or æsthetic; recollect, too, that iron must enter even more largely than at present into every building that is not of the most modest size. Consider that, though the bones of the mammal are ghastly, they are hidden, and that the bones of the crustaceans are outside. Nothing, for instance, can be more elegant in treatment than the shell of the king crab. Mountains, rivers, rocks, and forests, all abound in lessons for the architect. Every leaf and every plant may give him inspiration for a form, a moulding, or an ornament.

Reputation, honours, and fortune are the prime movers of the second-class spirits of the world; and if we do not wish mankind to relapse into sloth and barbarism, we should do what we can to uphold these incitements to exertion, and not let the envious, the dull, and the brutish abolish them, in the hope that when all are reduced to the condition of swine, they will be indistinguishable from the rest of the herd. Higher motives, however, have actuated the noblest of our race: men of brilliant genius and overwhelming power have devoted themselves to the good of the world, of their country, or their creed, for no greater meed than a bare subsistence and a sense of duty. It is this spirit that I want you to adopt; perfect



yourselves in your art, and then preach a crusade against the apathy and tastelessness of our age, and so confer on your country and your art a benefit of incalculable value. Did I not think this reward, coupled with the feeling of having done one's duty, was so much higher than any other, I might have pointed out the cases where pious monks, with no aims but the improvement of mankind, have ended their lives as Popes.

GEORGE AITCHISON.

## Au Revoir.

IT was in the autumn of 1874 that I knew Victor Dahn ; and it is the story of my brief acquaintance with him that I am about to tell. I was a mere lad, and was passing a few weeks abroad, before undergoing my examination for the diplomatic service. My plan had been to proceed at once to Italy, only turning aside for a day or two at Schaffhausen to see the falls of the Rhine, and to pay my respects to an old French friend of my father, General Lemorier, who, with his daughter, was staying there.

As it chanced, however, I never got to Italy at all. The weeks went by, August deepened into September, the grapes in the vineyards all round ripened till the vintage was close at hand, the Virginian creepers were already blazing with scarlet, and still I lingered on at Schaffhausen. The scenery was a sufficient excuse, if I had needed one; the Lemoriers, too, did their best to make my stay pleasant; for we inhabited the same hotel, about a mile from the town, and close to the waterfalls; but it was none of these things that kept me, but simply Dahn, and the curious attraction which from the first he possessed for me.

I had found him at the same hotel as the Lemoriers, and on intimate terms with them. It is true I learnt afterwards that their acquaintance was of recent date, but his ways were those of a familiar friend. He dropped naturally into the seat next Adrienne's at *table d'hôte*; sat with her and her father evening after evening on the terrace looking across the river, where the noise of the waterfall fills the air like the roar of a stormy sea; and took part, as a matter of course, in their plans for the day.

And yet, almost from the first, the relations between them

perplexed me ; for, whilst his manner to Adrienne was gentle, affectionate, brotherly—everything *except* lover-like—I felt a growing conviction that for her part she loved him. Perhaps the very force of the attraction I was conscious of myself, made me ready to imagine a kindred feeling in her. And yet it was difficult to say in what lay his special charm. Often, looking back, I have asked myself whether the love I bore him was simply the exaggerated admiration of a boy ; whether Victor Dahn was after all no nobler nor better than other men. It may have been so—I cannot tell.

He was a man whom it is difficult to describe, for there were no very salient points about him. He was not particularly handsome or striking ; he was of middle-height, slightly built, and loosely knit together, with light brown hair, and grey eyes which had a trick of growing absent, like those of a man who has lived much alone. His father had been a German and his mother a Russian, and he was himself of no distinct or marked nationality, having travelled much, and had no fixed home since his childhood.

So much I learnt soon after I knew him, and I found out but little more. Without giving the impression of purposed or conscious reserve, his conversation rarely turned upon his own past. It was as if it held but little interest for him. At certain facts, however, I did arrive. I learnt that his parents were dead, and that he had no home, nor near relations. To me it seemed a dreary existence ; but when I once said so, he laughed, and told me that my compassion was wasted : “ I am a lover of beauty,” he said, “ and her worshippers find a home throughout all the world.”

He had, for the most part, wandered about without object or aim ; but of late his movements had, to some extent, been guided by considerations of health, for he had broken a blood-vessel a year or two back, and since then his life had been a precarious one. “ I might die any day,” he said to me once

with the curious absent expression in his eyes. "You do not fear it?" I asked hesitatingly. Death was to me, at twenty, a terrible and remote possibility. He laughed gently. "I do not believe in it. I have told you that I am a disciple of beauty and surely that is saying I do not believe in death—which, if it were what the materialists make it, must ultimately conquer and destroy all beauty. A strange creed, truly, and one reserved for the present age to embrace with enthusiasm"—a slight contemptuous smile touched his lips—"which makes Death the lord of life, and life merely his vice-regent, reigning in his stead till he comes to claim his own. What the next phase may be," he added, dropping his voice, "is a different question, but—I was never afraid of the dark." Even without his words, I should have guessed him to be a man who sat lightly to life and its ties; but I sometimes wondered whether Adrienne Lemorier knew how precarious his tenure of it was. She never touched on the subject; yet once I thought I perceived an indication that she realised the truth.

It was one evening when we were driving home, after an expedition which had been longer and more fatiguing than usual. We had all grown silent. The General, a grave, soldierly old man, was absorbed in some preoccupation of his own, whilst Victor, overtired by the heat and exertion of the day, had fallen asleep opposite Adrienne. I noticed how deathlike his face looked in the moonlight, and, glancing at the girl, I surprised the same thoughts written on her face. She was very pale, and her eyes had a strange look in them, as she gazed fixedly at him, neither speaking nor moving. I laid my hand gently on his, and he woke at once, turning with smiling apology to the girl. She did not answer—I do not think she heard him.

So the days went on. If it ever occurred to Victor that Adrienne might be learning to give him more than the friendly liking she bestowed upon others, he never betrayed the



consciousness of such a possibility. His manner to her was always the same—gentle, affectionate, courteous—nothing more—though he constantly sought her society, sat with her on the terrace, or wandered about the vine-clad slopes, talking of any subject which came uppermost—his theories of life, his vague conjectures—more rarely of himself in connection with them.

His views on most subjects were alike uncertain. Convictions were slow in coming to him, though—or, perhaps *because*—he was absolutely free from prejudice.

“I have never been sure enough of my opinions to warrant my acting upon them,” he said once, laughing, yet half-seriously. “It is not that I consider the arrangements of the world perfect—far from it—or even that I believe there is nothing to be done, but to wait and submit to fate. Fate is the god of cowards and sluggards. But one cannot work in the dark—you might as well tell a blind man to read. And uncertainty has its compensations—it justifies one in sitting still. If I have done no good, I take consolation—a negative one, it is true—from the reflection that at least I can have done little harm. If it is an error,” he added softly, “it is too late to mend it now.”

Adrienne was present, and as he ended I glanced again hastily at her, wondering if she, too, had caught his meaning. She was looking straight at him, whilst her embroidery had dropped on to her knee. Had he seen her eyes, surely he must have understood ; but he never glanced towards her.

“It grows late,” he said, rising ; we were sitting on the terrace, and the sun had just sunk behind the hills. “Mademoiselle Adrienne, the mist is rising ; let me take you in.”

It had been settled that we were to go one afternoon and see the falls from the opposite side of the river. The General made an excuse, and remained behind ; but Dahn, Adrienne, and I crossed the quaint covered bridge with its little windows,

each forming a frame to a picture of blue sky and bluer Rhine, and passing rapidly through the house on the opposite side, with its curiosities, its paintings, good, bad, and indifferent, its musical chairs and tables, we proceeded to descend the many flights of steps which lead down to the very edge of the waterfall. There we stood, in a mist of spray, watching the torrent as it rushed down with a deafening roar, whilst the water below raged and tumbled white with foam, and the sun, catching the spray, made a rainbow above it.

Adrienne had taken off her hat, and stood with the spray rising like smoke around her, and now and then dashing in great drops into her face. As we watched, a little boat shot over the dark green water below. We were all silent—indeed, no human voice could have made itself heard above that of the angry Rhine. As Victor stood side by side with Adrienne, he put out his hand, and laid it over one of hers, which was resting upon the low stone wall before us. Thus they remained for a moment close together; then, turning away, she mounted the steps once more.

Victor had lingered a little behind, and I saw him stoop and pick up a faded spray of heliotrope, which had fallen from her dress. He held it a moment, and then, looking up, caught my eyes, and smiled. "It is sweet still, though it is dead," he said.

Later that evening Adrienne and I were sitting together on the steps of the terrace. Dahn had gone in—to write letters, he said, and we were both somewhat silent. Adrienne was watching the changing sunset lights as they melted from pale green into soft purple, and the moon shone faintly out. I, with my eyes also on the sky, was wondering what it all meant—what Dahn meant.

Presently a voice began to sing softly, without accompaniment, in one of the rooms overhead. It was a song I knew, and I recognized the tender reproachful words:

“ Si vous n’avez rien à me dire,  
Pourquoi venir auprès de moi ?  
Pourquoi me faire ce sourire  
Qui tournerait la tête au roi ?  
Si vous n’avez rien à me dire,  
Si vous n’avez rien à me dire.”

Involuntarily I glanced at Adrienne. She was still gazing straight before her, but her face had changed. Instead of the wistful patience that was her habitual expression, a passionate question had taken possession of it, and as I looked a quiver passed over the brow and mouth.

“ Si vous n’avez rien à me dire.”

I looked away at once, but it was too late. Again I had an ashamed sense of having surprised her secret. I came nearer to blaming Victor that night than ever before or since.

It was about a week later that Victor and I started alone on an expedition which was to take us the whole day. He was a good walker, in spite of his delicacy, and our plan was to start early, so as to reach our destination—a village some miles off, commanding a particularly fine view—before the sun was at its height, to rest there during the heat of the day, which even now was often great, and to return in the cool of the evening. We set off while the day was still young. The air, fresh and keen at that early hour, blew in our faces ; it was a perfect morning. Victor, however, was more silent than usual ; and I did not interrupt his meditations. It was only when, having climbed a hill, we sat down to rest and look back, that he spoke in a tone which struck me as different from his usual one. His face, too, had lost somewhat of its habitual bright serenity.

“ It is strange what hold anniversaries have on one,” he said. “ What are they, after all ? One day is like another. And yet I cannot get it out of my mind that, eight years ago to-day—on the twenty-fourth of September—my wife died.” “ Your wife ? ” I repeated. It had somehow never occurred to



me that he might have been married. Yet he mentioned it as a matter of course. If his reticence had never seemed intentional, his confidence no less seemed casual and accidental. "You were married?" "Yes—for two years."

I dared ask no questions, anxious though I was to hear more. There was a silence. The place which we had selected for our halt looked back over the road we had traversed that morning. Far below the Rhine lay, shining and tranquil, still dim and indistinct in the morning mist; beyond rose the dark blue hills. He sat gazing at the scene. "Two years," he repeated absently. "It was a short time, was it not? yet long enough to have——" he broke off. "My marriage was not a happy one," he added quietly.

Again there was silence. Presently, however, he went on, more as if to himself than to me. "After all, what does it matter? It is only our foregrounds that we make or mar," he said, his eyes still on the distant hills, growing momentarily more distinct as the rising sun conquered the mist. "The backgrounds, thank God, He keeps in His own hands. When our lives lie shattered around us, and our ideals are broken, we wake to find that the hills still stand about Jerusalem, though the walls of the holy city are thrown down, and perhaps even the Temple of God laid desolate." He had spoken in a low voice, and as he ended he rose and walked on. When he spoke again, it was on a different subject.

It was a perfect day, but before we had reached our destination the sun was beating down with overpowering strength. I fancied that Dahn looked exhausted, but he insisted upon adhering to our original plan, in spite of my persuasions to the contrary. We did, in fact, succeed in carrying out our intention and reaching the village to which we were bound; but I had been right: the fatigue and heat had been too much for him. At the little inn where we stopped to rest he was taken ill, and hæmorrhage came on. I was terribly alarmed. We were



miles from any doctor, and I myself was absolutely ignorant of sickness. Dahn, however, knew what measures were to be taken ; and, following his directions, I did what was possible under the circumstances. Before long the bleeding was checked, and he was lying, faint and exhausted, on the couch we had improvised in the small inn-parlour.

Relieved from my immediate and overwhelming anxiety, I began to consider what was to be done. One thing, at least, was certain—that he could not attempt to move that day ; that even the discomfort of the place where we found ourselves was preferable to the risk of the long drive home ; and I at once made arrangements with a messenger to convey the news of our delay and its cause to the hotel. On my speaking to him on the subject, however, I found, to my consternation, that he was determined to attempt reaching Schaffhausen that night.

“It is impossible,” I exclaimed, almost angrily, “You are mad to think of it.”

“We shall be expected,” he said ; “we *must* go.”

“You mean the Lemoriers ?” I said eagerly. “I have thought of that ; but there is a lad here who will take a note, and——”

He interrupted me, for the first time speaking sharply.

“Not for worlds,” he said ; “don’t you know it would——” he caught himself up, and added, with quiet decision, “I intend to go back to-night.”

I shrugged my shoulders, turning away without attempting further remonstrance. I saw it would be useless, and perhaps guessed the reason of his obstinacy.

A few hours later we were on our way to Schaffhausen in the rough cart which was the best conveyance I had been able to secure. I shall never forget that drive, the jolting motion, which shook Victor at every movement as he lay back on the cushions I had obtained for him, the evening closing in chill after the heat of the day, and the white mist rising from the

valley of the Rhine, whilst the stars shone out faintly overhead.

Victor scarcely spoke. When at length we arrived at the hotel it was already much later than we had expected to return. He had fallen into an uneasy sleep; but, as the cart drew up, he opened his eyes, and I helped him out, putting my arm round him and half lifting him up the steps and into the hall. When, however, we reached the door of the room where the Lemoriers were usually to be found, he pulled himself together with an effort and insisted upon entering it unassisted. It was late in the season, and most of the other guests had already quitted the hotel, which would soon be closed till next year. This evening the large room was empty, except for Adrienne. She was sitting, contrary to her wont, with idle hands, at the end near the window, and looked up hastily as the door opened.

Dahn went straight across to her. I watched him anxiously, noticing that, notwithstanding his effort at ease, he walked with difficulty; but I did not dare to help him.

"I am sorry we were detained;" he began carelessly, though he had sunk at once into a chair at her side. "We are later, are we not, than——" "You have been ill," she said, quickly, interrupting him. "What discernment you possess, Mademoiselle," he answered jestingly. "I am, it is true, a little tired—nothing more." She turned to me, paying no heed to his words. "Mr. Rivers, what is it?" Following his lead, and with his eyes upon me, I made as light of the matter as I could, though feeling, alas! the uselessness of my attempt, when the truth was so plainly written on the face her eyes were scanning even as I spoke. I doubt if she heard what I said. "And you came back notwithstanding?" she said, when I had completed my lame explanation. "How could you do it?—how could you allow it?" turning once more to me. "He could not prevent it," said Victor. "Do not blame him—he did his

best, believe me, but—forgive the presumption—I fancied you might possibly feel a moment's anxiety did we not appear, and——”

He paused and did not finish his sentence. I do not think she had spoken, but, though I had turned away, I saw her lift her eyes to his, and the next moment he had leant forward and touched her hand with his lips. It might be only the acknowledgment, natural in a man of his nationality, of her interest. She rose. “I must go to my father,” she said—I fancied her low voice was not so steady as usual—“he is not quite well to-night.”

When the door had closed on her, Victor came across to the table where I sat, ostensibly studying an English newspaper which lay upon it, though it might have been Hebrew for all I understood of its contents. “You know this is the beginning of the end?” he said abruptly. “I am dying, Rivers.” For the second time that day there was a jar in his voice—a cloud on his brow. I looked at him silently. I could not contradict him; I knew he was right. He went on after a moment's pause. “I told you, did I not, a few weeks ago, that I did not fear death? But now I would give worlds for a little life.” He rose and went away. Was it for her sake only or for his own? I never knew then nor since.

It was about a week later that the end came. The day was breaking when I was summoned to his room. I was not surprised, scarcely even startled. It seemed to me that I had been always expecting it when they woke me and told me he was dying. He looked up as I entered, articulating two words—

“Fetch her.”

In less than five minutes we were standing together beside him. Adrienne had thrown on a white wrapper. Rigid and silent, as if turned to stone, she stood, her hands hanging down and locked together; her face, framed in the loose masses of

her hair, as white as that of the dying man upon whom her eyes were fixed.

"You have come," he whispered, looking up at her with smiling eyes. "You were not afraid to come and see—the last of me?" His tone was as of old, still half-jesting; but no answer came. Dumb and motionless, she gazed down at him. "It is only a little sooner," he went on, though the effort was becoming momentarily greater, and his breath came in gasps. "Next week—the week after—we must have said Farewell. It is only parting a few days earlier."

There was a pause; still she said no word. When he spoke again his voice was fainter. "Adrienne," he said, "if we had been going on different ways—to Paris—to Italy—I could not have asked you what—now that I am going—a longer journey——"

He did not finish. I turned away, and was staring out of the window at the white mist which covered hills and river like a shroud, but I knew that she stooped and kissed him. When he spoke again, though I did not see his face, I could tell that he was smiling.

"After all," he said faintly, "I was wrong. We will take no farewell. Will you not rather permit a—foreigner to use your language, and say—*Au revoir*?"

They were Victor Dahn's last words.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four years later I saw her again—at a ball in Paris, where I was attached to the Embassy. She was listening, when I caught sight of her, with a somewhat absent expression, to the compliments which were evidently being addressed to her by a Frenchman, and was smiling mechanically.

"Surely," I exclaimed to an acquaintance who stood near me, "that is Mademoiselle Lemorier?"

"Do you know her? Yes, it is she. The man leaning over is M. de S——, to whom she is about to be married. It is a



beautiful face, is it not?—but too cold and indifferent to be attractive.”

I did not answer. Adrienne had just lifted her eyes and met mine. As she did so, the smile died off her mouth, her face paled and changed, and I knew that there had risen before her once more that scene which together we had witnessed four years ago—that the sound of the rushing waters was in her ears, and Victor Dahn’s dying face before her, as, looking up with smiling eyes, he had wished her “*Au revoir.*”

I saw the Frenchman stoop, as if to ask an explanation, and I watched the pale, forced smile with which she answered him, and then, turning rapidly, I made my way through the crowd, and out into the street. I could not speak to her—I dared not. She was so young still. Surely she might yet be happy; but something told me it could only be if Victor Dahn were forgotten. So I went.

I. ASHWORTH TAYLOR.

## Rossetti the Elder.

FROM New York has been announced the death of a certain Signor Nicolino Calyo, who was born at Naples in 1796. The son of a colonel in the Neapolitan army and the representative of the elder line of the Viscounts di Calyo of Calabria, young Calyo, nevertheless, early identified himself with the revolutions of his time and place ; and, after a futile rebellion against Ferdinand IV., he was compelled to flee the country, which he did in company with Gabriel Rossetti. Eight years of travel in Europe and of the study of art ; a residence at Malta, under the protection of his friend Lord Ponsonby, then Governor ; a visit to Spain, where his father held a position in the household of the Queen-Consort Christina, herself a Neapolitan Princess ; and, finally, emigration to America and establishment in a studio in New York, which he deserted for a time in favour of Spain on his appointment in 1842 as painter to the Queen-Mother Christina—these are the episodes of Calyo's long life. Only a few days before his death, which occurred in his eighty-ninth year, he was engaged upon a portrait of the First Napoleon from memory ; and no doubt, as he handled the brush, his thought often dwelt on the time when the Third Napoleon visited the States and became his great friend.

But it is not on Signor Calyo that we care to linger. We turn instead to that comrade of his in a Neapolitan revolution, that fellow in flight and in a very tolerable exile, Gabriel Rossetti :—who, indeed, is himself not more interesting than Calyo for anything he achieved directly, but whose name has been made familiar by the genius of his children, and especially of two of them. It will long be held in honour as that of the father of Miss Christina Rossetti ; but it is made memorable by the

painting, and immortal by the poetry, of one of the greatest and one of the unhappiest Englishmen of our generation. For, by convention at least, though his temperament belied it, we may claim as an Englishman one who had never even seen the Italy he loved. In Mr. Hall Caine's and Mr. Sharp's memoirs of the poet—both of them books of singular interest, and one of them nothing less than a literary masterpiece in its own way—brief allusions are made to Rossetti the Elder as a famous patriot, and, if we remember rightly, as an author of distinction—an authority on Italian literature. This is, of course, exactly what he ought to have been as the father of such children as his, but what, as a matter of fact, we suspect he was not; and it may be a perplexity to the student of human nature to discover how it was that the grave and majestic feeling of the son for Italy's soul—her poetry and her art—was the outcome of such harum-scarum sentiment as that of the father would appear to be. Moreover, to the student of history it must be curious to observe out of what addle-heads have come the plans and devices by which it has been proposed to shake thrones and to shatter dominations. Shelley the stripling, scattering revolutionary hand-bills from an hotel window in Dublin, was not more inconsequent a figure than this Neapolitan who dreamed that the funniest fads about life and literature should be the lever by which he would move the world. By his "*Mistero Platonico*" we may gauge Rossetti the Elder as writer, thinker, and patriot; for it was a book issued by him in maturity, in the year 1840, and in London, where he had settled, and was Professor of Italian at King's College. A contemporary critic, who had no feeling except in favour of the Professor, penned at the time some impressions of this curious work, which we propose to closely follow in these pages.

According to Professor Rossetti, the secret of understanding not only Dante, but hundreds of works in all languages, is merely to believe that these are masonic works, treating of a

secret science. "True it is," adds our author, "that I can hardly perceive what the secret science is which so many great men have sought, but I am sure that the morality of this society (viz., masonry) is that of the Gospel." Up to the Professor's time no one ever suspected that the great writers of all countries wrote in the mystical manner which he supposes. Although he, as he flatters himself, discovered and exposed this mysticism, yet not even *he* has been able to get at the *secret science* therein concealed. Now what was the use of writing works the hidden sense of which has not been suspected for centuries, and when discovered, cannot be made out? What good could come from such deep cunning? These men, who belonged to a society whose morality was that of the Gospel, did all they could to hide from their fellow-creatures the science which they professed! If that science was worth anything, it was their duty to proclaim it openly, and not to conceal it. But this is nothing.

As far as we can understand Professor Rossetti, his theory is this:—All writers have a literal and open, an allegorical and hidden, sense in their writings—that is, an exoteric and esoteric meaning; the literal is of slight consequence; the important is the allegorical or hidden sense under which they have concealed what they did not mean to be generally known. The literal or open sense was particularly arranged to conceal the allegorical. The Court of Rome was the special object of the secret attacks of all great writers during the middle ages and at the revival of literature; which attacks were, however, carefully concealed under phrases having an innocent meaning. Dante, above all others, knew how to hide, under the apparent, the real sense of his writings. "He trusted that his poem would cause him to be held in such esteem as to induce the papal party to recall him to his native city. And yet that poem is a great treachery to that party, a very fine play of Catholic jargon. . . . These are obscure indications no doubt; but could the poet make



them clearer without acting against his end, without risking his life, without being frustrated of the desired produce of his treacherous dissimulation?" Did the Professor consider the consequences of his theory, or is there an *esoteric* sense in his writing? We hope so. If Dante were capable of writing what by its apparent meaning was to induce his enemies to make peace with him, but what was in truth a *great treachery* against them, how shall we qualify his conduct? And if other writers were so mean and false and despicable, what shall we say of an universal society whose means of success were lying, deception, and treachery? Let us add, for the honour of the human race, that such an abhorred system cannot exist for any length of time, or have many adepts.

In Professor Rossetti's opinion, Dante and Cino da Pistoia (Cino's family name was Sinibuldi, or Sigibuldi) were not only brethren of the craft, but strictly joined in friendship and writing without end in the mystic language of the initiated, in terms which, to profane eyes, appeared only compositions on love. That Dante and Cino were friends, and belonged to the same political party, is true; that they corresponded together, and in poetry, is very probable, but not certain, although we find many songs and sonnets which they are said to have addressed to each other. The name Cino (an abridgment of Guittoncino) was very common in Dante's time; many of the poems attributed to both Dante Alighieri and Cino Sigibuldi are not theirs, some being by unknown writers, some by other Dantes and Cinos; the same poem is sometimes attributed to Dante, sometimes to Cino through sheer carelessness. It is therefore very rash to argue from such uncertain data. A sonnet said to have been written by Dante when he was eighteen years of age was answered, as it is said, by Cino, who was five years younger than Dante. But thirteen is too young an age to suppose the author answering Dante, and the only rational conclusion is, that if Cino's sonnet be not a forgery—a point very far from

certain—it was written long after Dante's. It is, however, on the strength of such proof that the truth of the secret mutual language of Dante and Cino rests. Professor Rossetti is moreover particularly anxious to establish as a fact that these writers are all afraid of the Inquisition, which persecutes them for their freemasonry. To Cino is attributed a canzone beginning—

“Tanta paura m' è giunta d' Amore,”

in the second stanza of which he speaks of a lady for whom Love had wounded him, and whom he had seen on a former occasion. The Professor quotes this canzone; he omits the lines in which the *lady* and *love* are mentioned, and also leaves out the pronouns *ci* and *gli* (*he* and *to him*, relating to love) in a line which he quotes; after which he puts a note observing that this *rifacimento* of his shows “that poor Cino also had been summoned before the frightful Inquisition”—of which it is needless to say there is not the slightest evidence whatever.

A favourite authority of the Professor's is a certain Reghellini, a Greek of Scio, who had been scribbling sundry works on the secret of the craft. It is impossible even by approximation to give an idea of the impudence of this ignorant quack. In two different works of his he coolly asserts that “In the time of Lorenzo de' Medici there was established at Florence, in 1540, another masonic institution, under the name of *Accademia Platonica*: even to this day the hall of their meetings is to be seen covered with sculptures and masonic ornaments;” and this monstrous tissue of clumsy falsehoods is taken as unexceptionable by this Professor of Italian Literature, who, nothing daunted by that Lorenzo de' Medici and the Platonic Academy of 1540, enters into some observations on the *age* (*secolo*) of Lorenzo de' Medici (who died in 1492), and Leo X. (who died in 1520), and on the work of Roscoe thereon, as if this was *one* age, and *one* work had been written on it. He proceeds then to point out how we must endeavour to discover the secrets of that

academy of freemasons; he refers to Ficino on Plato's Symposium, printed in 1544, and quotes, as Ficino's, passages from an oration of Landino. As this distinguished scholar was a great Guelph, and a determined enemy of the emperors, the circumstance is remarkable as proving how unfounded is Rossetti's often repeated opinion, that the father of this sect of love, freemasonry, was Frederick II., whom Landino hated as well as Frederick I., whilst he highly praised the conduct of the Popes against those two monarchs. It is also to be noticed that Landino, from what he himself relates, exposed to the ridicule of all his hearers certain cunning men who asserted that Laura never existed, and that Petrarch concealed an allegory under her name; the very thing proclaimed *totidem verbis* by Rossetti, who moreover professes to know what the allegory is, whilst those prudent men of old avowed their ignorance on the subject. The passage is so curious and little known that it is worth perusal.

Even in Petrarch's time, one of his friends laughingly wrote to him that perhaps there was not one word of truth in his love for Laura, whose very name the poet had, so the friend suspected, invented. Petrarch answers,—“*Simulatio esset utinam et non furor. Sed crede mihi, nemo sine magno labore diu simulat. Laborare autem gratis ut insanus videaris insania summa est.*” This passage and much that follows is as conclusive proof of Petrarch's real love for a real Laura as any that ever can be wished. The letter is addressed to James Colonna: “*De Reb. Famil.*” II. ix. It is from this *answer* of Petrarch to Colonna that De Sade took the expressions which he puts into this prelate's mouth, as quoted by Professor Rossetti, who naïvely confesses he does not know where the original letter is—one of the thousand proofs that he has not read—at least not with due attention—Petrarch's prose works, of which he speaks with his usual confidence as if he knew more about them than any man ever did.



Contemporary with Cosimo de' Medici, and the originators of the Platonic Academy—that is, in the fifteenth century, not in 1540—lived and wrote Francesco Colonna, a Venetian by birth, author of the “Poliphilo,” that is, the lover of “Polia,” his heroine, under which name is probably meant antiquity (*πολιά*, hoariness, old-age), the real damsel being Ippolita Lelia of Teramo, whose uncle became Bishop of Treviso. The book is well known to collectors, and fetches a high price, in proportion as the freest among the many elegant woodcuts which adorn it are preserved. Add to this, that from one of its drawings Aldus, who printed it in 1499, took his ever-honoured device of the anchor and the dolphin, as well as the motto *festina lentè*. It is a most extraordinary book, written in a mixture of languages, not only Latin and its sisters, but Hebrew and Oriental ones. “Happy he [says Tiraboschi] who can make out what is the language in which it is written!” “I am that happy man, I dare say [echoes Professor Rossetti]; for, after having meditated on that apparent extravagance, I have partly illustrated and deciphered it in my MSS.” As the result of the labours here announced is not made known, we shall not say one word on their merit.

The “Poliphilo” is a dream, or vision, of which the writer is the hero. As he died aged ninety-four, in 1527, we think it cannot be said he was born soon after the beginning of the year 1400. He was born in 1433; and the number of certain steps in a pyramid (not an obelisk, as Rossetti says, which was on the top of the pyramid, after the steps), amounting to 1,400, cannot represent the year in which the author wrote. Not one of the few quotations given by Rossetti (although only from the first pages of the book) is faithfully transcribed from the original. The circumstances, too, are altered. For instance, although it is true that Poliphilo has the misfortune to meet with a wolf on his right hand, it is not true that he turns to the left, as Rossetti says in order to discover a mystery in that turning.



Nor do we believe it to be correct that *Polia* is sometimes called *Polita*, and sometimes *Ippolita*, in the "Poliphilo;" as is stated, to draw thence another mystical consequence. In the *Giornale de' letterati d' Italia*, the three names are mentioned by A. Zeno in an attempt to derive *Polia* from the two others; but we do not recollect having seen the last two in the original work. Professor Rossetti has asserted this also, vaguely referring to a French translation of the "Poliphilo," and adding the recondite information that the original is in Italian. He probably had seen very little of this original, or he would have referred to it. The same exactly has been done by him with respect to the "Romaunt de la Rose," of which he gives a short and incorrect analysis, and from which he quotes lines, proving that he only read its *rifacimento*, and concerning the history of which he is totally in the dark. Finding in De Sade that Petrarch advised some one to read it—a supposition disproved by the very document quoted to support it—he adds childish mistakes to the hypothesis, and confidently runs up a circumstantial narrative to serve his purpose. The "Romaunt de la Rose" is a licentious and corrupt poem, the hidden meaning of which was never doubted. Had Professor Rossetti known the book, and why Gerson spoke of it as he did, he would have perceived that this good Christian's detestation of this grossly immoral work was well grounded, and deserved the approbation of all honest persons and well-regulated minds. But as he knew nothing either of the "Romaunt" or of Gerson, he went so far as to praise the former and find fault with the latter, the tittle of whose work, "Tractatus contra Romancium de Rosa, qui ad illicitam venerem et libidinosum amorem utriusque sexus homines quodam libello excitabat," is pretty good evidence of the reasons that induced the pure Gerson to write, and even preach, against the "Romaunt." But Rossetti will have it that this is a book directed against the Church of Rome by a member of the secret society, and that Gerson wrote

against it, perceiving the attacks concealed under its apparent indecencies !

What no doubt induced some superficial readers to trust to Professor Rossetti, was the enormous number of works which he mentions as if he were intimately acquainted with them, and the dates and extracts and quotations which he heaps to prove some startling assertion, which is only the foundation to half a dozen still more extraordinary ones, and from which he jumps to conclusions which rest on nothing when examined. It then turns out that the dates are incorrect, the extracts not so full as they would seem to be, and the quotations at variance with the original from which they purport to be taken.

Luigi Tansillo, when less than twenty-five years old, wrote some stanzas called "*Il Vendemmiatore*," in which the brightness of the ideas, the elegance of the diction, and the harmony of the lines are only equalled by the indecency of the images. Paul III. was so disgusted at this licentious poem that he prohibited all the works of Tansillo. This happened in 1559. The first edition of the "*Vendemmiatore*" was printed at Naples in 1534, against the author's will ; and an epic poem by him, on a sacred subject, "*Le Lagrime di San Pietro*," begun in 1538, had not received the last polish when the poet died, which was probably in 1569. On his works being so severely stigmatized, he wrote a magnificent canzone to the Pope, expressing his sorrow for having written that one indecent work ; he pleads his youth, and urges his great sacred poem as an inducement to the Pontiff to revoke the sentence ; in which he succeeded beyond his expectation.

Professor Rossetti finds masonic mysteries not only in the "*Vendemmiatore*" but in the "*Lagrime di San Pietro*." He contends that this poem is far from being what it appears to us, and that it is in the usual secret language of the sectarians against Rome and the Popes ; without its once occurring to him that Tansillo must have been a vile wretch to write as he did to

Paul III., and deceive him in so base a manner as we are now told he did, and that a sect of such beings, if it ever existed, ought to be exposed, not to veneration, but to contempt. The first edition of the poem having been published, mutilated by Attendolo, in 1585, the Professor does not hesitate to assert that, but for this editor, the poem would never have been published at all. Parts of Attendolo's letter at the end of that edition are quoted, with the remark that it was suppressed in the editions which followed, and then this pathetic exclamation is appended :—

What a pity that the most elaborate poem of the happiest rival of Petrarch should have been so spoiled and disfigured! Oh, if Fortune had not yet destroyed the precious original! Oh, let him who possesses it—oh, let him trust it to my hands; and free England, the temple of glory, shall pacify the shade of Tansillo, so injured in slavish Italy, the dwelling of grief!

Readers will no doubt be relieved to learn not only that Fortune had spared the original wished for, but that authentic copies were even then in the temple of glory; and, what is more, that the shade of Tansillo had been long ago appeased in the very dwelling of grief itself. Had Rossetti known this, how much distress of mind he would have been spared! We could scarcely believe that a Professor of Italian Literature should be ignorant of facts generally known even to those who never read more about Tansillo than what is to be found in a biographical dictionary. Tommaso Costo, a friend of Attendolo, at the request of Barezzo Barezzi, a Venetian bookseller, examined in 1604 a manuscript copy of the poem, which this bookseller had found at another bookseller's, Capello, of Naples. He found that this was a faithful transcript of the complete poem by one de Notariis, which years before Costo had had an opportunity of comparing with Tansillo's autograph, soon after the publication of Attendolo's edition in 1585. Costo prepared the poem for the press from this to him well-known copy, pledging himself to the public that this was the complete and correct text of the poem as left by Tansillo, and not as



interpolated, mutilated, and spoiled by Attendolo. This complete edition, in fifteen cantos, was published by Barezzi at Venice in 1606, and again in 1738 by Piacentini.

The great poets of the sixteenth century have not escaped the interpretations inflicted on their less known brethren. Ariosto's episode of "Ariodante and Ginevra," we are gravely assured, can be "wonderfully deciphered, and proved to relate to the very high templar degree called Kaddosh." Proofs of this truly wonderful discovery are derived from the two names, *Ario-dante* (which are so written to show that the whole name is formed of *Arius*, from whom the Arians take their name, and *Dante*), and Ginevra; the name of a city (Geneva), "which was always the seat of free ideas and the asylum of free-thinkers. . . . Geneva being such, it was among the first to emancipate itself from the thralldom of Rome, and to proclaim the Reformation; and therefore to the allegoric daughter of the Scotch monarch was given the name of that city, which, for the same reason, appears personified in many romances of ancient chivalry." In addition to the singular literary and masonic notions which are here so sagaciously displayed, we should wish only some exhibition of ecclesiastical and political history. Small good came to one Servetus for professing Arian principles in that seat of free ideas and asylum of free-thinkers after it had emancipated itself from the thralldom of Rome!

With respect to Tasso, we certainly cannot gainsay Professor Rossetti when he observes, after having largely quoted from the allegory of the Jerusalem Delivered, which its author has himself left us, that if any one but Torquato had written it he would have been laughed at, and deservedly too. Without meaning any disrespect, we confess that, being disposed to laughing, if we cannot do so at Torquato's allegory, we must do so at those who seriously believe in it. In Serassi's biography of Tasso the following words occur:—"In June 1576, Torquato wrote the allegory of his poem, rather in fun,



and from a whim accidentally come into his head, than because in writing the poem he had any thought of concealing any allegory under it." And in support of this statement the biographer quotes a letter of Tasso himself. It seems very strange, after this, that this allegory should be quoted as a decisive argument to prove the poem a masonic work ; and the only excuse must be, that these letters of Tasso were not known to this Italian Professor.

Whenever any assertion is made, or any circumstance stated, which he can twist in support of his theory, Rossetti takes it all for true, even when he has reason for more than doubting the facts stated, and when the story related is on the face of it false. Take the following instance. A Rev. Mr. Nightingale says what follows :—

In Italy certain festivals are celebrated which occur only in the Kalendar of Lovers in that country. To understand this, it is necessary to know, that when a lover is desirous of giving his mistress the highest testimony of his gallantry, he immediately makes her the idol of his devotion ; he has vespers, and even masses, said in her honour. For this purpose he makes choice of some saint whose name she bears, and though the saint has the name [we wish the rev. gentleman had written so as to be understood], they manage the matter so that the devotion of the festival is plainly relative to the lover's mistress.

Professor Rossetti remarks on these words :—"I do not know in what ancient books this author has learned so cunning a deceit. I know, however, that in modern Italy it is utterly unknown, nor have I ever heard a word about it from old people, or seen anything of it in old records." The reverend gentleman would certainly be puzzled to find any good authority for so grossly incorrect a statement. His ignorance of the Roman ritual is evident by his talking of vespers being said in honour of any one ; and as to the making the devotion to a saint relative to any one else, it is utterly impossible. Professor Rossetti ought to have known all this as well as we do ; yet he pretends to take for granted that the divine has *old* books from which he takes his story ; and on the strength of an authority

like that of Mr. Nightingale, he assumes all that he says as true, and relies on it, as on an illustration above exception, to support his own views.

A gentleman with so much ingenuity could find no difficulty whatever in discovering secrets and mysticism either in numbers or in the most innocent fortuitous coincidences. In Professor Rossetti's opinion, there must be some deep secret meaning in number *one*, inasmuch as he often finds that two persons are *one*—Petrarch and Laura, to wit. Number *two* is likewise mysterious; and it is not without deep mystery that Marsilio Ficino dedicated his comment on the "*Convito di Platone*" to *two* persons. Number *three* is still more mystical; and to it must be referred the *three heads* of Cerberus, the *three names* of Diana, the *three barbs* of the heads of arrows (*tela trisulca*), the *three* senses of the *three-tongued* writers, the *three* canticles of Dante's poems. *Four* and *five* are so deeply mysterious that they have escaped even Professor Rossetti, who ought to have observed that four and five make nine as legitimately as three times three, on which he dwells so knowingly; but he has seen the mystery of number six, of number seven often, of number nine, of number twelve, and of number twenty-one, under which a most deep mystery is concealed; for only persons aged twenty-one were received Templars, and are now received masons;—which is the reason that Petrarch said that he was in love twenty-one years—"Tennemi amor anni ventuno ardendo."

The coincidence between the age of persons when received Templars and the years during which Petrarch persevered in his love are not the only proofs that Petrarch and the Templars were Freemasons. Professor Rossetti has discovered one still more conclusive, which applies not merely to Petrarch, but to Dante. It is unique:—"Who has not heard of Petrarch's tomb, and of his favourite puss there stuffed?"—"Oh, unhappy Templars!" exclaims Rossetti, "that puss was one of the heaviest crimes that brought you to the most cruel sufferings,

and it still remains on the tomb of Petrarch, almost to make a silent profession of faith in his behalf." Among the absurd accusations brought against the Templars, there was one that they worshipped a cat. Professor Rossetti says it was a she-cat, like Petrarch's, and we are far from wishing to quarrel with him as to the sex of the animal. Von Hammer, in a work mentioned by Rossetti, who had never seen it, as we shall presently show, has no doubt whatever that the animal in question was *not* a cat, but a *dog*—for he wanted not a cat, male or female, but a *dog*, to convict the Templars.

Our author relates the following "most curious anecdote," which he assures us is to be found in several writers, and some biographers of Dante (names unknown):—"Dante affirmed, in contradiction to Cecco d' Ascoli, that art might conquer nature, for which purpose he taught puss to hold a candle; but Cecco brought out some mice, at which puss started off and the candle went out. Every one perceives what puss it was which the Florentine taught to hold the light." We honestly confess our ignorance of the real meaning or name of the said puss; "but what were the mice which caused the light to go out? Unhappy author of the 'Acerba'!" [The "Acerba" is a poem by Cecco d' Ascoli.] "Thy incautious writing caused the Inquisitors to rush out of their dark tribunal." This last is an allusion to the fate of poor Cecco d' Ascoli, who was burnt by the Inquisitors,\* represented, in the Professor's opinion, by the mice.

As to the Professor's knowledge of the Templars, it was wholly derived from one of the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, entitled, "Secret Societies of the Middle Ages," about one-third of which was dedicated to the Templars, concluding after all that the Templars were *not*

\* He was burnt for his astrology, and not for his poem, in which, we may as well observe, he openly differs from Dante and Guido Cavalcante, both of whom he mentions by name; so far is he from having belonged to the same secret society, or having a concealed end in common with them.



a secret society : whereat we much wondered ; for if such be the fact we cannot understand on what plea the Templars are treated of in that volume, except to swell it to a decent size. The writer is not fairly treated by the Professor, who, on one occasion at least, quotes him as an authority for an opinion the very reverse from that which that author holds. After copying a passage from the "Secret Societies," to prove the connection between the Templars and the Freemasons, as asserted by the latter, Rossetti forgets to add that, in his author's opinion, this account resembles a falsehood, and that he feels strongly disposed to reject the story.

The little publication of which we now speak is a compendious popular account, on which no writer, and still less a Professor, ought to have relied. He ought to have consulted standard works on the subject ; and if he did not do so, he ought not to have affected to have consulted them, when, in point of fact, he had never seen them. He tells us, speaking of the Assassins, that of this sect "accurate histories have been recently published : Von Hammer wrote of them in German Jourdain in French, Malcolm and Wilken in English ; but to adhere to the system of using other persons' words, without entering into diffuse treatises, we shall prefer the abridged narratives of those who have, with great fidelity, drawn from those sources." Of course the Professor had read those "accurate histories," else how could he say that they are *accurate*, how could he *prefer* the abridgments, and how vouch for their *fidelity* ? A note is appended to the above-quoted passage :—"See Von Hammer's 'Geschichte der Assassinen' and 'Fundgruben des Orients;' see Jourdain's 'Extrait de l'ouvrage de Mirkhond sur la dynastie des Ismaelites;' see Sir John Malcolm's 'History of Persia,' and Wilken's 'History of the Crusades.'" Had the Professor really seen the books which he wished his readers to see, he would have perceived that the "Fundgruben des Orients" is not wholly German, or



wholly by Von Hammer, but a journal, in the fourth volume of which occurs a *Latin* article by this writer, "*Mysterium Baphometis revelatum*," containing much that is absurd about both Assassins and Templars; and with respect to Wilken, he would not have made an Englishman of the late first keeper of the Royal Library at Berlin, whose history of the Crusades was written in German, and had never been translated into English.

Such then, let the historian take note, was the mental stuff which went to make revolutionists of a generation or two ago; men—and this is one of them—by whom the subtleties of theologians and the shiftinesses of monarchs were abhorred!

A. C. OPIE.

## Reviews and Views.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has been looking over the proof sheets of a book, edited by his wife, entitled "Louis Pasteur: his Life and Labours: By his Son-in-Law;" and he made it the chief theme of his lecture at the Royal Institution on "Living Contagia." Pasteur, having been led to study the general question of fermentation, rapidly closed with the idea that what we call ferments are all living things, and that what was previously considered to be a ferment was in reality the food of the ferment. As far back as 1837, Latour in France, and Schwann in Germany, had independently, and almost at the same time, discovered the nature of the alcoholic ferment. In the case of wine this alcoholic ferment lives on the sugar of the grape, in the case of cider on the sugar of the apple, and in the case of champagne probably on the sugar of the gooseberry. When Professor Tyndall was a student in Germany, one of the luxuries of student life was sour milk and pancakes; and Pasteur has proved the sourness to be due to the lactic acid ferment. This consists of little "rods," which grow and multiply in the milk, and the decomposition which it there produces has the effect of sourness. Having broken ground in this way, Pasteur went on to consider the general question of fermentation and the maladies and diseases to which both beer and wine are subject. Many years ago Professor Tyndall paid a visit to some of the more prominent breweries in London, and was surprised at the absence of knowledge possessed there. Over and over again disastrous losses were incurred by the brewers of London, when five minutes' examination of the yeast would have shown them the disease from which it was suffering, and would have prevented them

from using that yeast. The microscope, however, is now used everywhere in the breweries of England. And the experiments of Schwann and Pasteur have led to the researches of Lister.

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Lister extended the consideration of the action of these organisms upon dead matter to living matter. With unrivalled keenness of vision he saw in our hospitals these germs of putrefaction, and he said to himself, "Those germs must be destroyed if you are to secure the proper result of your operation." He saw that the treatment subsequent to the operation was quite as important as the operation itself, and he devised means to destroy those organisms. The result was his system of antiseptic surgery—one of the most beneficent achievements of the age. Pasteur came across another class of phenomena which led him, in 1865, to investigate the plague of the silkworm in France, an epidemic devastating a vast industry and bringing thousands of honest people to poverty and ruin. He discovered in the smitten worms certain little organisms, or corpuscles, and knowing as he did the action of ferment he was prepared to see in these corpuscles the cause of the epidemic. Finally he solved the problem of restoring to France her silk industry, simply by separating the healthy from the unhealthy moths, destroying the latter, and preserving the eggs of the healthy alone. In view of these things, and of Dr. Koch's treatment of the Siberian plague, Professor Tyndall declares that "never in the history of medicine has such a bright day dawned as the present one." But, somehow, in the darkened rooms of sickness we are inclined to grow impatient of the day-dreams of doctors; and their pæans in praise of the progress of the profession are drowned by the groans of the dying.

---

Mr. Russell Lowell, the American Minister in London, confesses that it has sometimes seemed to him that what Sir H. Wootton said of gentlemen of his profession, when he spoke of

them as being sent abroad to lie for the good of their country, might be applied to the modern traveller. When he first had the pleasure of coming to England (he told an audience at the Society of Arts the other day) he went naturally, as an honest American would, to lunch at Dr. Johnson's tavern—the Mitre—and he was much astonished at finding there were no napkins. He had been used to them at home, and he was much surprised at this evidence of want of civilization in the land of his ancestors; and he recollected also—for he had been something of a reader of travels—that there were travellers even so late as the beginning of this century who had been astonished at the absence both of napkins and of silver forks. They could not imagine how the English contrived to eat peas, for example, with a two-pronged steel abomination which they found upon the table. But he was happy to say they took this good-naturedly. They merely mentioned it as a phenomenon. In so treating it they set an example, which ought to be followed by English travellers in other lands, said Mr. Lowell, who, by-the-way, as a man heavily bearded and moustached, naturally notices the non-napkin stage of civilization still lingering in chop-houses, of famous signs, in the purlieus of the Strand.

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Speaking of the domestic service question—which burns in his native land as well as here—Mr. Lowell remembers when service was, to a certain extent, as Shakespeare said, hereditary. He knows a servant, the third of a generation that served three generations of another family. She is almost the last of this class, and it is interesting to know that the family she serves is that of Mr. Lowell's friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Over other things, besides service, great changes have passed since the American Minister was a boy. He remembers that fifty years ago last summer, after he had passed his examinations for entering college, he took his first independent journey, and he chose to go to Canada, which was really then a more foreign



country than Europe. You crossed an unknown border. You went out of a country of Congregationalism and Puritanism into a country where the Catholic Church had rites such as it hardly had in Europe ; where the spires were like those which Don Quixote imagined he saw in the castles he came to in his wanderings ; where you saw the priest in his broad hat ; and where the villages of the habitant showed him to be a very simple, cleanly, and good citizen. He was struck with the whiteness of the curtains, and, where the curtains were drawn, with the beauty of the floors. That was a memory of fifty years ago. Things have changed greatly since ; but, when he hears Canada criticised by travellers to-day, he cannot help putting in a word in favour of a population which then touched his heart with the simplicity and honesty of its habits and ways.

---

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Had coined the name we knew so  
Well, in the days of long ago,  
When *we* were wreck'd with Crusoe.

I wonder if this parson rare,  
Upon this Suffolk high-day,  
A curate had his task to share  
Who bore the name of Friday ?

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